Saturday Review

April 30, 1977

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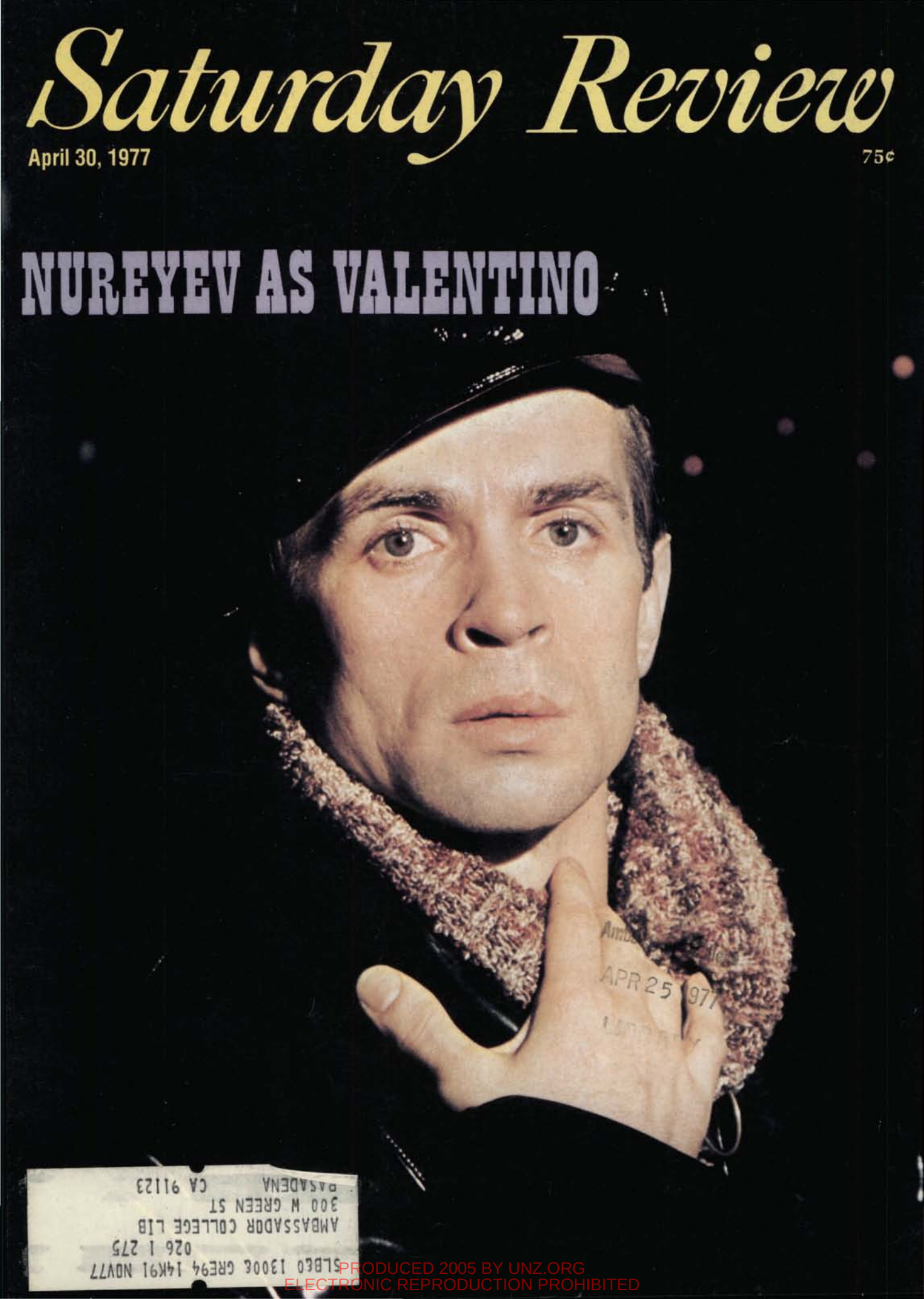

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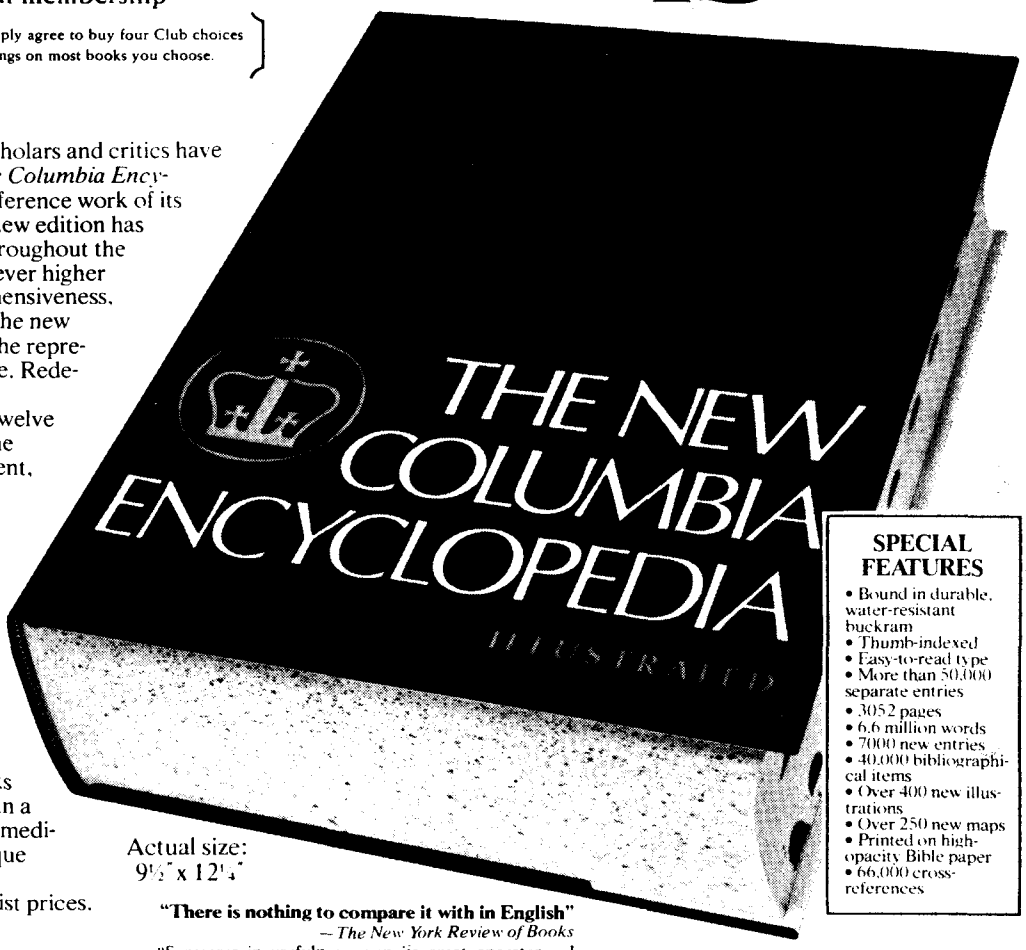

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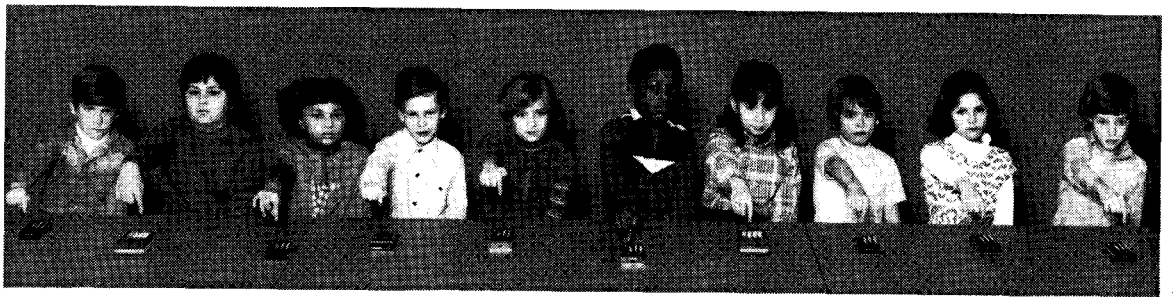
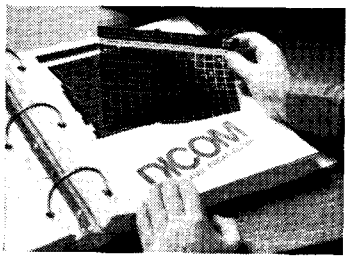
Reading, writing, and what?



Just in case on some grim day in their future they push the buttons and nothing happens, "math skills" are still taught in the third grade.

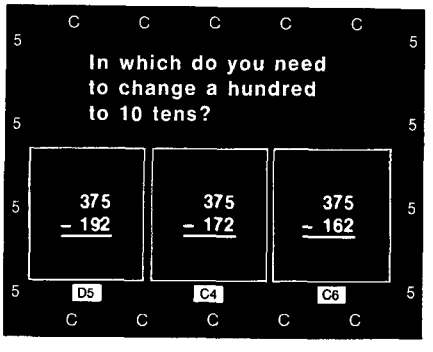
Right or wrong, modern pedagogy refrains from recommending flogging for incorrect answers in arithmetic. The modern pedagogue, a kindly person who first eliminates boredom, inattention, and plain naughtiness as explanations of the error, seeks to spot some misconception of principle. Just where is the break in the chain of concepts?

To help answer, a diagnostic method worked out with Educational Testing Service* of Princeton, N.J. is being introduced across the country. Now join the third grade and pay attention:

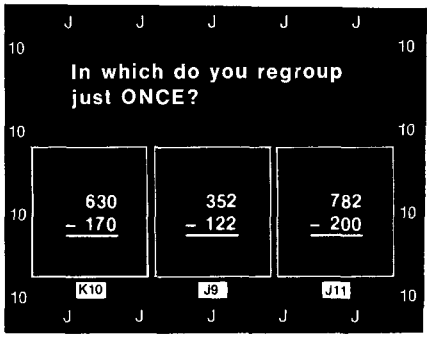


Your friend Sylvester is initiating you. Sylvester claims he breezed right through the 4th blue microfiche. He explains that when you finish you see a frog with the number 7, which you write down and hand in to Mrs. Brown. So you take out the 4th blue microfiche, put it in the reader, turn on the light inside, and shift the microfiche to Row A, Column 1.

- At A-1 you are told to shift to B-1.
- There, if you are quite sure that 1 hundred = 10 tens, you are directed to C-1.
- Easy choice. You know that 1 hundred, 3 tens = 13 tens, so you go to C-2.
- This one is tricky. 4 hundreds, 2 tens does not = 42, nor is it the same as 5 hundreds, 12 tens. Deciding that it is the same as 3 hundreds, 12 tens, you now go to G-2 and from there to a lot of easy subtractions.
- Now at C-5 you are confronted with this:



- You are getting a little bored and make a quick decision for C-4, which leads you to more subtraction. They get harder, but you are paying good attention now. Then at J-10 comes this horrible question:



- Is it J-11?

At J-11, which is also about regrouping, you are guessing again. You guess K-8 which turns out to be the frog. You're done! When you report the frog's number to Mrs. Brown her key will tell her that you understand enough about subtraction to regroup tens as ones, that that's more than Sylvester understands, but that you fail to recognize whether regrouping is required once or twice. Tomorrow, during individual-project time, she will enlighten him and then get you out of your own, slightly higher-level hangup.**

If you care for more enlightenment about DICOM Programs from Kodak (which call not for a computer terminal but for a Kodak Ektalite reader, obtainable for around $100), please so inform Dept. 55R, Kodak, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

Kodak

*Which also writes and administers the Scholastic Aptitude Tests (SAT).

**Never mind that your grandfather would probably also exit at Frog 8. He didn't learn to regroup either. He called it "borrowing," but in those days kids had to learn arithmetic instead of mathematics.

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India and Indira Gandhi

"Americans tend to forget that our own early history was marred by emergency measures that severely curtailed freedoms guaranteed under the Constitution."

In 1955, at the Asian-African Conference in Bandung, Indonesia, I asked Jawaharlal Nehru what he would like history to say about his legacy to India. He replied he would be pleased if it might later be said that his legacy to India was 600 million people capable of exercising the ultimate power offered by a free society.

A working demonstration of that legacy has been furnished by the recent nationwide elections. The Indian people voted to restore their government to its constitutional design. They preferred freedom, with all the penalties of clamor and even chaos, to the supposed benefits of discipline under arbitrary rule.

Many observers have viewed the election as an occasion for repeating their denunciation of Mrs. Gandhi as a would-be dictator, overlooking the fact that her action in rescinding the emergency measures made her own ouster possible. If Mrs. Gandhi were in fact a totalitarian ruler, as accused, the last thing in the world she would have done was to have authorized nationwide elections. Dictators are known to permit elections, of course, but they invariably rig the voting in their favor. The legitimacy of the Indian elections was manifested in the result.

This does not mean that Indira Gandhi was ever justified in imprisoning her opponents and putting clamps on the press. But many commentators went overboard in describing her as the murderer of Indian democracy. At the very least, they must have been surprised when she declared an end to the repressive measures and then fixed a date for the elections.

Americans tend to forget that our own early history was marred by emergency measures that severely curtailed freedoms guaranteed under the Constitution. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson are the names most closely identified with individual liberties in the Revolutionary period of American history. Yet both men allowed circumstances to deflect them at times from their underlying commitment to due process of law. John Adams supported the Alien and Sedition Acts, which were totally at odds with the Declaration of Independence he had helped to draft. Supporters of these emergency measures argued that the United States, a young country, was being threatened from within by those who sympathized with foreign powers. The resultant repressive legislation disfigured the life of the young American republic and seemed for a time to define the future course of the nation.

Thomas Jefferson, as Adams's political opponent, condemned the Alien and Sedition Acts. He denounced the Federalists for prosecuting the press, yet he was silent when his own party took measures against Federalist-minded newspaper editors on the grounds of "seditious libel."

Some years earlier, when governor of Virginia, Jefferson signed a bill imposing severe penalties on anyone who, in print or speech, acknowledged or asserted a dependency relationship between the United States and Great Britain. He supported "thought control" measures imposed by the Virginia legislature. The measures sought to punish every person who was a "traitor in thought, but not in deed." Jefferson also defended the practice that held Tories in jail without trial or other niceties of due process.

From the vantage point of the present, we have no difficulty in preferring the Jefferson who predicted that with "a little patience . . . we shall see the reign of witches pass over" to the Jefferson who wrote to a friend in 1808, asking, "Should we have ever gained our Revolution, if we had bound our hands by the manacles of the law?"

When we think of Jefferson and Adams today, the stains fade from view. What we see, and understandably so, is the final product. It is the sum total of their ideas and work, and not the deviations, that make a claim on the contemporary consciousness. We lose sight of the context in which our freedoms were tested. As a people today, we have little sense of the chaos that existed among the American states after independence was achieved in 1783. The years from 1783 to 1787 were a period of disorganization bordering on anarchy.

Ancient Greece experienced similar convulsions, but very little of that disorganization is remembered today. Thucydides tells us that at the low point of the Peloponnesian War a reign of terror fell on Athens. The judicial system was discarded in favor of the whim and prejudice of government officials. Suspicion was substituted for law. Yet that period of disintegration has no standing alongside Athens's place in history as the cradle of democracy.

It is likely that future historians, looking back on the quarter-century following India's independence, will be less preoccupied with the communal riots of 1947–48 and the repressive measures of 1975–77 than with the total process by which India took its place on the international stage as the world's largest democracy. They will certainly not ignore the fact that Indira Gandhi set aside the form and substance of freedom for almost two years, but their main emphasis will be on the underlying growth and strength of free institutions in India. They will stress the role of Jawaharlal Nehru and his daughter in coping with the mammoth problems of a society so pluralistic in its essential components as to seem more like a jungle of states and peoples than a cohesive whole.

No one need ignore or condone Indira Gandhi's repressive actions. Yet it may be poor history not to see that she was part of the experience by which India regained its birthright. In the final reckoning, she herself became re-connected to the tradition so strikingly associated with her family's name.

—N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Ruminations, Recriminations, Assassinations

The article by Allard K. Lowenstein ["The Murder of Robert Kennedy: Suppressed Evidence of More than One Assassin?" February 19] causes me to stir finally in response to the articles I continue to read. I have shied away from the memory of those eventful incidents of that June night when circumstances placed me inside the two swinging doors of the Ambassador Hotel pantry. I have had haunting nightmares about the sounds I first believed to be caused by some idiot celebrating by setting off a short string of firecrackers. It started slowly and then picked up pace. All of the noises were even. There were eight reports. I am as sure of this as I am of anything. I am totally confident that if there were another gunman in the pantry that night, the sound pattern would have had to be different.

Alan Rothstein
San Francisco, Calif.

According to Lowenstein, four shots hit Robert Kennedy, five struck other persons, and three, at least, hit the ceiling. If all 12 bullets had been fired by conspirators at short range, surely more than four would have hit the victim. Were not the eight that missed him, and perhaps some of the four that hit him, fired at Sirhan by earnest but hasty armed guards?

J. C. Russell
St. Augustine, Fla.

It seems to me that the only beneficiaries of these late-late publications are the writers. Too much of today's "journalism" is written by self-anointed investigators, prosecutors, and judges. Hypothesis, conjecture, and insinuation may bring in dollars to the writers of books and articles, but they do little or nothing for justice. To suggest a decade later that police, prosecutors, juries, judges, and commission members were all either a part of a giant conspiracy or else very dumb is pure and vain quixotism.

J. G. Ashburne
Austin, Texas

I question one point in George Lardner Jr.'s article ["Congress and the Assassinations," February 19]—that is, his comment that medical experts have said the violent backward and leftward motion of President Kennedy's body immediately after the fatal shot was not inconsistent with a bullet's being fired from the rear, and that laymen find this difficult to accept. Of course they do; they simply do not understand the physics involved. Lardner's reference to the inability of those who are uninformed to make such a technical judgment borders on demagogy.

Dr. Joseph Schaefer
Dubuque, Iowa

George Lardner, Jr., responds: Dr. Schaefer makes the point I made in deliberately less didactic fashion; then he accuses me of failing to appreciate that same point.

The experts, as I reported and as Dr. Schaefer evidently agrees, have said that the motion of the President's body after the fatal shot was not really inconsistent with a bullet's being fired from the rear. Unfortunately, the physics of the recoil is not widely appreciated, especially not by those who keep showing and touting the Zapruder film as "proof" that Oswald was not the lone gunman. Thus, an uninformed congressman from Virginia could see the Zapruder film and come away with the impression that Kennedy was shot from the front. He could then introduce a resolution calling for a House investigation of the assassination and wind up as its first chairman. There may be demagoguery there, but it does not lie in my reporting.

Independent Research

On trips to Dallas in 1968 and 1969, I went repeatedly to Dealey Plaza to go over the Texas School Book Depository's exterior, as well as nearby buildings, and particularly the grape-stake fence by the war memorial. The V-shaped notches between the stakes of that fence, about four and one half feet off the ground, would have been a perfect resting place for the last several inches of a rifle barrel. To the left of the war memorial, as one faces the roadway, the fence is heavily overhung with foliage so that anyone standing there is not visible from the book depository or from the overpass. On one occasion, as I stood there, two small boys passed by. They clambered up on the war memorial and were no more than five feet from me. Neither knew I was there.

As one watches the cars pass, it seems evident why the bullet was fired just when the Zapruder film showed it was. As the car made the turn, it was completely obscured by the foliage. I am convinced that the only purpose of the shots fired from the depository and the DalTex building was to alert the stake-fence rifleman that the car was almost in position.

I remember nothing in the Warren Report that would indicate that anyone else had taken the trouble to stand where I did. Perhaps we're in the cover-up business again. Or still.

Arthur Dowling
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

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First steps—"Grades of black children improved slightly while those of whites changed little, if at all."

What Louisville Has Taught Us About Busing

Despite contrary nationwide sentiment, Louisville has proved that metropolitan-area-wide busing can work

by Roger M. Williams

NESTLED in a curve of the Ohio River, Louisville enjoys a reputation for bourbon whiskey, horse racing, and the gentlemanly life that supposedly accompanies them. In reality, Louisville is a pleasant but not very distinctive manufacturing town where urban blacks and suburban whites find jobs in large plants run by a number of industrial giants. It is also a unique racial testing ground—the only major city to undergo metropolitan-area-wide busing for the purpose of school desegregation.

Louisville has been carrying out "metro" busing since the fall of 1975, at first angrily and under the glare of national publicity, now resignedly and almost in private. While busing has continued to fester as an American social problem, few of its critics have bothered to look closely at the one city where it has been operating on the broadest scale. From Louisville's trauma-turned-success, from its lack of preparation and initial failures of nerve as well as from its ultimate determination to make the unworkable work, comes a lesson in how even the most disruptive form of busing can produce better results than anyone dared predict.

The lesson bears many practical applications. Unless the U.S. Supreme Court unexpectedly declares busing unconstitutional (see box on page 10), the school buses will continue to roll, most provocatively between black cities and white suburbs. Over the next two years, at least a dozen major cities face the start of "massive, forced" busing, as opponents like to call it.

Louisville and surrounding Jefferson County share little but location and economic interests. Louisville has grown up at a confluence of American cultures, a bridge length from Indiana and within easy reach of both the East and the Deep South. In racial attitudes, it has been basically border-state: slow to grant blacks their rights, but not intransigent. Although Jefferson County recently has been developed with tract houses and shopping centers, the values of rural Kentucky still prevail. Thousands of "country" whites have

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Paul Schuhmann

Initial uproar—"The young people proved they could accommodate social change better than their parents could."

moved into the Louisville area in the past few decades to work at the industrial plants. Those who originally settled in Louisville proper soon moved out into "the county" to avoid what they regarded as the black domination, if not ruin, of city life. By 1975, the student population of Louisville's public schools was 54 percent black, compared with 4 percent in Jefferson County.

In applying cross-district busing to Louisville, the U.S. Sixth District Court of Appeals, in Cincinatti, reached for a remedy that the Supreme Court already had rejected for Detroit and Richmond. It did so because it found in Louisville a pattern of interdistrict actions that had the effect of maintaining segregated schools.

On July 30, 1975, a federal district court, implementing the appellate court's decision, ordered the city and county to desegregate their schools jointly by transporting students across the lines dividing the respective districts. Under the court order, about one-sixth of the two districts' 121,000 students would be bused in order to achieve an enrollment that would be 12 to 40 percent black in every school. To strike such a balance, blacks would have to be bused for eight or nine of their school years; whites, for one or two.

Complicating the situation was the fact that only four months earlier Kentucky had ordered the two school systems to merge. The city system had pressed for merger because it was sinking ever deeper into debt; the county had resisted because merger would mean diluting the county's traditionally structured educational program as well as absorbing unwanted blacks and urban problems.

On the evening of September 5, 1975, the second day of the new school year, Jefferson County exploded with anti-busing emotions. At one suburban high school, a mob of 2,500 almost overwhelmed a contingent of county police; at another, a somewhat smaller mob broke into a bus compound and heavily damaged about 30 of the hated yellow symbols of "forced" busing. Some 50 persons were injured and nearby store windows were smashed before the police, reinforced by 1,000 National Guardsmen, gained control of the situation. Louisville found itself abruptly face-to-face with a community crisis—and with a violently racist image to rival that of Birmingham and Boston.

Although that degree of violence was never again approached in Louisville, the city remained in deep trouble throughout the fall of 1975. Anti-busing forces had seized the initiative, and some 30 organizations of Jefferson County whites demonstrated relentlessly against the court-ordered plan. They were joined by a large number of provocateurs: local groups such as the paramilitary Christian Posse Comitatus and the Ku Klux Klan; and such outsiders as the American Nazi Party, the John Birch Society, and distant elements of the Klan. Together they mounted a boycott of the schools and harassed those merchants and other businessmen who were not outspoken in their opposition to busing.

Louisville labor unions took the leadership of the anti-

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The law—"Acted with professional impartiality."

busing movement. Thousands of white rank-and-filers at such plants as General Electric, Ford, and International Harvester joined in the demonstrations and raised money—from union treasuries, it was later charged—for the cause. Almost every sizable union in the area joined in. Louisville's union ranks reportedly are laced with Klan members. Members or not, the workers seem to share many of the Klan's attitudes. A veteran observer of the union scene describes the typical Jefferson County rank-and-filer as "second-generation rural, not necessarily a red-neck but determined to stop things like busing from happening to him and his."

LOUISVILLE'S business establishment at first was lulled by the Supreme Court's Detroit decision and later cowed by two-bit intimidation from the anti-busers. Business leaders let busing begin without preparing for the problems that were certain to follow. Then when retailers suffered broken windows and boycotts, they responded with a series of increasingly weak public statements that ended with a declaration of opposition to busing. Banks, major manufacturers, and other businesses exercised none of the leverage that is always at their disposal.

General Electric and Ford were particularly ineffective. Although large numbers of their white employees stayed away from work to protest the onset of busing, resulting in substantial losses in production, the plant managements took at most mild disciplinary action and avoided the busing issue entirely. The respective corporate headquarters did not intervene to help solve their Louisville problems, apparently for fear of alienating consumers.

Only the level-headedness and resolve of others in Louisville kept the city and its desegregation plan from being overwhelmed by the anti-busing pressures. Mayor Harvey I. Sloane banned downtown demonstrations, rode school buses in the tense days following the riots, and consistently called for peaceful compliance with the court order. The city and county police forces, although heavily white in composition, acted with professional impartiality to protect black students and to safeguard school property. County cops proved willing to arrest their unruly white neighbors, and local courts proved willing to punish them.

Despite his generally conservative record and his personal views, federal district judge James F. Gordon steadfastly carried out the appellate court's ruling that Louisville and Jefferson County had to share the burdens of desegregation.

Blacks have long shown an extraordinary tolerance of white-racist oratory and activities, and they did so in Louisville. While whites carried "Nigger, Go Home" signs and threw missiles at buses carrying black children, black parents and teen-agers declined to retaliate. Young blacks even ignored a provocative gesture by the Christian Posse Comitatus, which at the height of the tension drove a procession of slogan-covered cars through the heart of the city's black West End.

While white students were prominent among the mobs that raised hell in the first days of busing, they soon left most of the violence and loud protests to parents and what a law-enforcement official describes as "hoodlums looking to take cheap shots at blacks and cops." There was little violence inside schools or on school grounds, and nobody was seriously hurt in the student confrontations that did occur. In general, Louisville again showed that young people left to themselves can accommodate social change better than their parents can.

Since the bitter fall of 1975, Louisville and Jefferson County have made remarkable progress toward full and peaceful implementation of the desegregation plan. They have done so without the massive disruptions predicted by opponents of busing. Despite a continuing boycott by anti-busing organizations, school attendance quickly recovered from its initial drop-off: after only five weeks of classes it was up to 85 percent, and it has been nearly normal ever since. An increasing number of white students are volunteering to be bused for more than the required number of years so they don't have to leave schools they've come to like.

Statistics do show an increase in the number of racial incidents and student suspensions since busing began; the most significant recent flare-up involved fighting at several high schools, with the police called in to restore order at one of them. However, in two years no schools have had to be closed, even briefly, because of racial unrest. Some school officials acknowledge privately that the statistics on incidents are of questionable validity, and J. C. Cantrell, deputy superintendent of instruction, says that overall there is less of a discipline problem this school year than last.

Thus far there is no solid evidence of what has happened to the educational process—that is, whether students are learning more or learning less. Among independent observers interviewed, a majority expressed the belief that blacks' grades have improved slightly while whites' have changed little, if at all. Cantrell says the schools are "not able to do as much good teaching in an atmosphere conducive to learning"—a reference to disciplinary problems caused principally by black students—but adds, "We don't feel we've lost too much in the quality of education."

Especially significant is the fact that "white flight," dreaded in all cities under court-ordered busing and a depressing reality in many of them, is not a particular problem in Louisville. Both school districts were losing students well before merger, and busing has not accelerated the trend alarmingly. An obvious reason is that to avoid a "metro" desegregation plan, whites would have to move clear out of the county, far from jobs and friends, and few seem willing to do that. And unlike Memphis, which is now known ironically as the private school capital of the world, Louisville has experienced only a modest increase in the number of "segregation academies," all-white private schools hastily established in the aftermath of court-ordered busing.

Continued on page 10

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Busing's Uncertain Future

BUSING has followed a tortured, zigzag path through the courts, Congress, and the White House. As a new administration settles in, the outlook is for busing to be a less passionate political issue, but a continuing vexation for the Supreme Court. Here is a rundown of the important institutions that will deal with the matter:

The Presidency: Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford tried to make political capital out of busing. Although he opposes busing as anything save a last remedy for segregated schools, Jimmy Carter will not do that, and the absence of political rhetoric should have a calming effect on public opinion. (So should daughter Amy's presence in a public and substantially integrated classroom.)

Departments of Justice and H.E.W.: Pro-busers are understandably concerned about the selection of Griffin Bell as Attorney General. Aside from his mixed judicial record on southern racial cases, Bell was the behind-the-scenes architect of the 1973 "Atlanta Compromise," by which blacks gained control of the school administration in exchange for little busing and therefore little additional classroom integration. Since assuming office Bell has indicated that he favors restricting the power of trial courts to order large-scale busing plans. And his chief assistant for civil rights said recently that he hopes the courts won't "overreach" in trying to desegregate city school systems.

True to this cautious philosophy, the Justice Department last month filed a brief opposing interdistrict busing in Indianapolis and calling instead for voluntary student transfers. H.E.W. Secretary Joseph Califano has made statements sympathetic to desegregation, but the test will be whether the department withholds federal funds from school districts that do not comply with desegregation mandates.

Congress: Having tried to hamstring the enforcement agencies with anti-busing measures, Congress is expected to be less eager to pass such measures now. But vigorous enforcement may be hampered anyway by two laws already in effect: one providing that federal agencies must try all other possible methods of desegregation before resorting to busing; another prohibiting H.E.W. from ordering a plan that assigns children to schools other than those nearest their homes.

The Supreme Court: While the operative decisions are still *Charlotte-Mecklenburg*, which approved busing as a means of desegregation, and the so-called Denver case, which established the principle that some evidence of segregation permits the inference that segregation is system-wide, the Court has been circumscribing the lower courts' authority to order sweeping remedies, while continuing to grope its way toward a more rational and definitive answer to the busing question. Several cases have been remanded to the trial courts on the matter of local intent: if intent is lacking, the Supreme Court seems to be saying, then city and suburbs cannot be held jointly accountable for a segregated metropolitan situation, and busing will not be a justifiable corrective measure. However, the Court has refused to hear challenges to the Louisville busing order, presumably because Louisville's pattern of interdistrict cooperation demonstrates at least some intent.

Meanwhile, the grass-roots effort to pass an anti-busing constitutional amendment goes forward at a limp. The new Congress seems disinclined to pass enabling legislation, and the other path to an amendment, by direct action of state legislatures, is difficult at best. —R.M.W.

Emerging from the confusion caused by the hurry-up merger, the school administration has developed a number of innovative programs to smooth the transition to a fully desegregated system. The school board recently approved plans to improve and expand a so-called alternative school system that had become little more than an 8:30–3:00 warehouse for its heavily black population of alleged misbehavers. Alternative schools at various levels will now offer vocational training and "transition classes" aimed at helping their students reenter the regular system.

THE most heartening single development has been the activity of a grass-roots discussion group, called Community for Educational Excellence, whose purpose is to talk over frankly the fears and problems of school desegregation. Forty members strong, the group includes officials of outspoken anti-busing organizations as well as representatives of the NAACP and Urban League. At the first meeting or two, the sides exchanged strong words, but they reached agreement on the overriding need—as their official statement put it—"to begin to resolve our differences and to work to find a peaceful means to achieve the best possible education" for local students. Says participant Robert DePrez, an International Harvester millwright who is an official of two national anti-busing organizations: "We're all looking for better ways to educate children, and if busing stopped tomorrow we'd still have to deal with the poor schools we have here."

The grass-roots group is important, too, because it was sponsored by the county's chief executive, Todd Hollenbach, who had played a mostly negative role in earlier stages of the busing controversy. A sure sign of the extent to which busing has been publicly accepted is that with only one exception, none of the candidates for office, not even those who came out of the anti-busing movement, is expected to make it a major issue in this year's local elections.

Demonstrations against busing have become sporadic and wholly peaceful. Local anti-busing groups have quietly disassociated themselves from the Christian Posse Comitatus and other zealots of the far Right. Jack Shore, former head of the powerful United Labor Against Busing, says that

Continued on page 51

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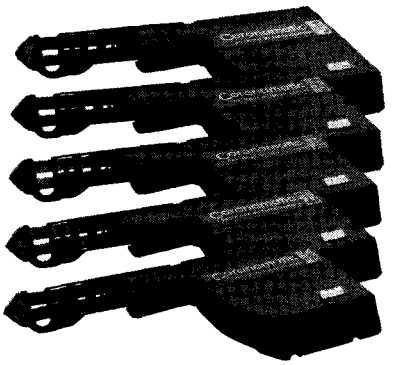

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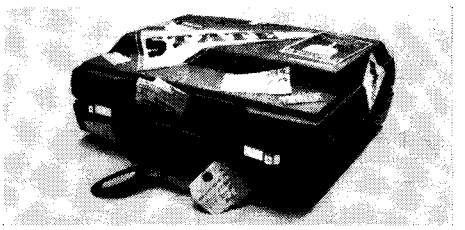

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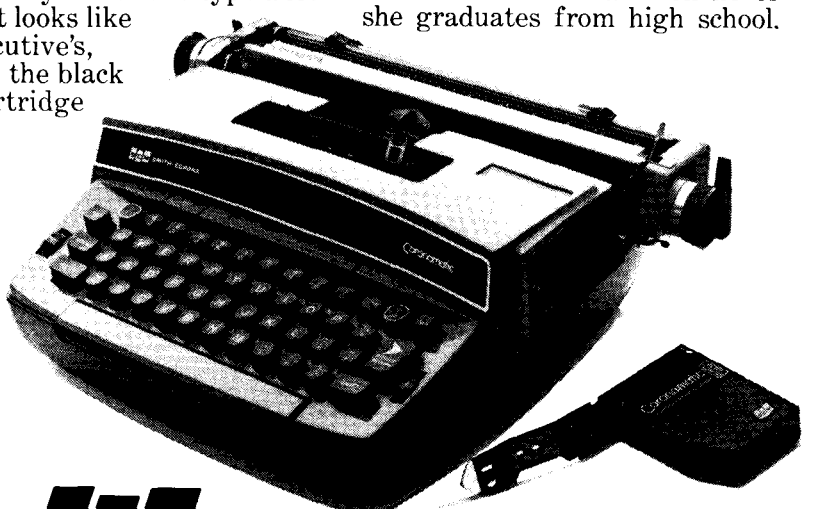

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School Without Schools

Columbus Ohio's unorthodox experiment in the face of winter fuel shortages offers some highly persuasive lessons for long-term school reform

by Fred M. Hechinger

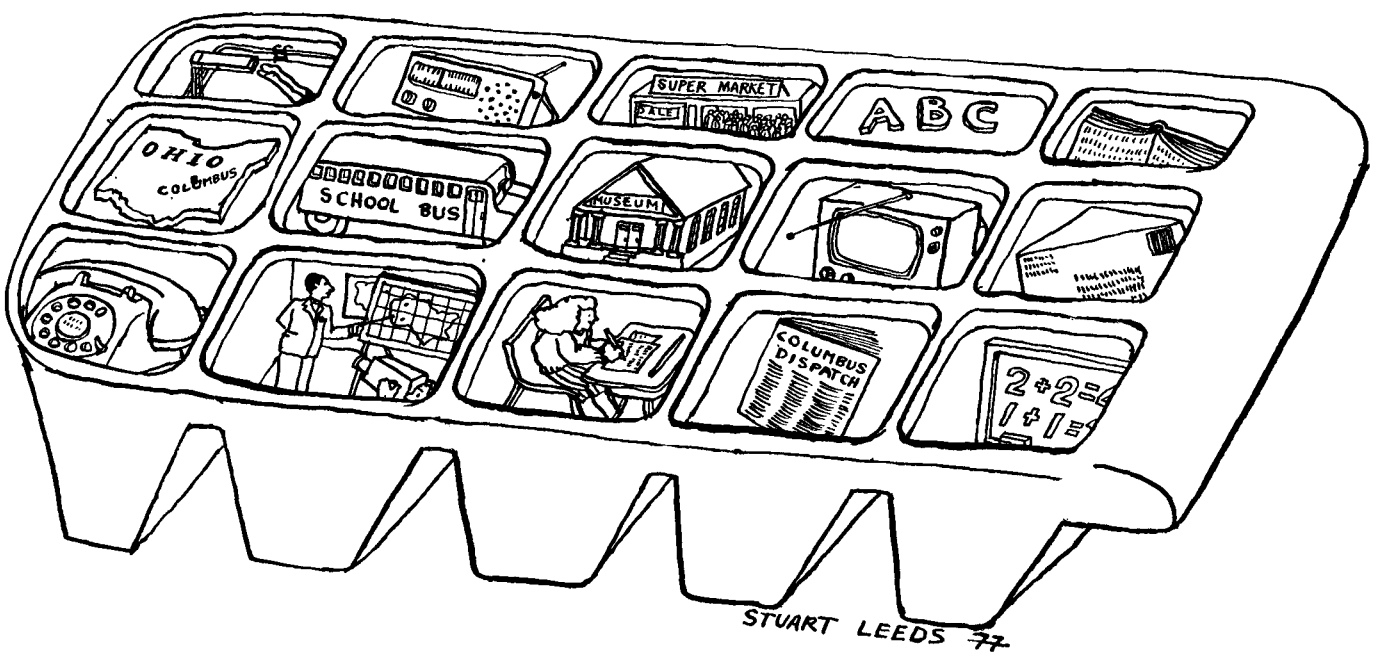
AN ASTONISHING thing happened a few months ago in Columbus, Ohio. When the city's schools were forced to shut down because of a cold wave and fuel shortage, the local schoolchildren went right on attending classes—held by their teachers in banks, bars, hotels, private homes, and other improbable places. What with their exciting new surroundings and the liberal use of TV and radio as citywide teaching media, the fired-up youngsters missed not a beat in their studies and, if anything, may have come out ahead of where they would have been if the schools had not closed.

Clearly, something remarkable went on during this four-week midwinter hiatus, a "something" that should be heeded by schools throughout the country. For what happened in Columbus—a quiet, somewhat ordinary city (see box on page 14)—was not only exemplary in a moment of crisis, but may also suggest some highly exportable lessons for other cities in normal times.

The rather odd chain of events that produced the Columbus episode began early in February, when it became clear to John Ellis, the superintendent of schools in Columbus, that his system was running out of the natural gas needed to heat 150 of the city's 172 public schools. He had two conventional options: to sputter along with schools alternately open and closed as the supply of gas trickled in, or to shut down altogether and either pay the teachers for doing nothing or place them all on the unemployment rolls and make up for lost time during the summer vacation. Ellis rejected both of these options. He decided instead on an unorthodox experiment—to shut down the schools but to keep education going.

When Ellis announced his refusal "to roll over and play dead," he started on a course that would seem to be anathema to a conventional administrator on just about every "rational" count. To keep school without schools flies in the face of all the textbook rules. Ellis, who has since been called to Washington as executive deputy to the U.S. Commissioner of Education, decided to make a virtue of necessity. He commissioned an industrial arts teacher to create a logo of the slogan "School Without Schools," and the motto, with icicles dripping from its letters, instantly became the Columbus school system's banner.

For two days before the shutdown of all the gas-heated schools (which lasted from February 7 to March 7), teachers and pupils met in their regular classes to get emergency instructions, collect their belongings, and prepare for what was to become one of the most unusual experiments in modern public education. Behind the scenes, Ellis and his aides moved frantically to overcome what looked like insuperable obstacles. The school board, often sharply divided between its three generally liberal black members and its four predominantly conservative white ones, had to be persuaded to offer unanimous support. The local chapter of the Ohio Education Association, the system's



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teachers' union, needed to be reassured that this was not a management maneuver to exploit labor: in less than 48 hours the union contract was renegotiated to allow a virtually unlimited suspension of normal hours and working conditions, in return for no layoffs. In the same two-day period, Ellis's staff, now joined by teacher representatives as well as principals, authored a 200-page manual titled "Handbook for School Without Schools" to cover the widest range of questions and situations. A conference room next to the superintendent's office was turned into an operations center that would work throughout each school day in the weeks ahead. A daily lunchtime cabinet meeting over sandwiches and coffee dealt with problems as they arose.

Even if all the system's internal obstacles could be surmounted, Ellis still had to dismantle even more menacing roadblocks in the outside world. The state legislature had to be cajoled into passing a law to suspend the 182-day-school-keeping requirement on which state aid and accreditation are based. A fleet of buses had to be organized to deal with the emergency, ready to transport students on hundreds of hastily organized educational field trips and to take them to and from non-school locations as classes met in living rooms, hotels, day-care centers, bank boardrooms, on college campuses, in laundry rooms, pancake houses, and even (without horrified outcries from puritans!) in a few public-spirited bars and taverns. Most important, the community had to be mobilized to accept massive busing at the very moment when many of its members were preparing to resist an anticipated busing order aimed at achieving racial integration. Parents and others had to be enlisted to find substitute facilities. They were also asked to help children keep up with their schoolwork on their own.

It was evident from the outset that television and radio would have to play a major role in replacing the classroom. Channel 10, the local NBC affiliate, led the way by clearing four hours daily, from 7:30 to 11:30 A.M., for a continuing schedule of 15-minute mini-courses that ranged from beginning reading to advanced science and high school history. The CBS and ABC network affiliates subsequently joined with one and a half hours each, and NBC radio provided a daily schedule of four hours of classes in such topics as fine and performing arts, principles of democracy, high school literature, and German, French, and Spanish.

The five key components of the Columbus program were these:

1. All students were required to attend formal classes one day a week in one of the schools that would remain open because they were not dependent on natural gas. On that day, students turned in their previous week's work and were given all their study assignments for the coming week.

2. Between these weekly meetings, students and teachers were encouraged to work out their own methods of keeping in touch—by telephone, CB radio, mail, and by meeting in an endless variety of places.

3. In addition to the daily television and radio schedule, the *Columbus Dispatch*, an afternoon newspaper, devoted two pages daily to school lessons, TV and radio schedules, and other school-related information.

4. Field trips took students anywhere from museums to factories. As I checked into my hotel, a group of junior high school home economics students arrived from a tour of the kitchen and the housekeeping department. (This was

Why Columbus?

Columbus seems hardly the place for a revolution in education to get under way. It is a comfortably unspectacular city of some 700,000 people (an even million if one counts the greater Columbus suburban rim) that does not seem overly impressed with its role as Ohio's capital and the home of Ohio State University. Its downtown district has coped successfully with the battle against the sort of decay that has eaten the heart out of many other American cities. There are two better-than-average new hotels and some impressive modern office buildings and banks; and the Borden company has moved into handsome new national headquarters in Columbus—as local informants like to point out—from New York City.

Some five years ago, Betty Garrett, a reporter for the city's *Citizen-Journal*, wrote: "Columbus hasn't the distinctive pungence of the South, sprawling confidence of the West, or decline-and-fall syndrome of the East. It has, in people and environment, a wonderful, godawful irritating solidity, productiveness, conservatism, and smugness."

Staunchly Republican, Columbus voted enthusiastically for Richard Nixon, but later seemed pleased to see his departure; supported the war in Vietnam, but later welcomed efforts to get out of it honorably (while looking with distaste at the local university students' violent protests).

Neither very rich nor very poor, Columbus is the prototype of middle-class middle America: it shuns extremes in politics and its people seem rewarded for this by being invited to share opinions with their political leaders. Every Wednesday, the mayor holds open house for any citizen with concerns, complaints, or suggestions.

There have been exceptions to the rule of normalcy. In the 1930s, the university's laboratory school was a leading testing ground for John Dewey's progressive pedagogy, but conservative tides have long since washed over these far-out experimentations. In the 1950s, an anti-Red witch-hunt swept through the academic community. A police corruption scandal in 1969 embarrassed those who liked to call their town the "All-American City." (Somewhat incongruously, Columbus houses the editorial offices of *Hustler*, the magazine convicted of obscenity charges in a suit brought not in Columbus but in Cincinnati.)

Only about 18 percent of Columbus's population, but one-third of its public school enrollment, is black. The black middle class, particularly its professionals, has done well, and the community takes pride in its substantial degree of economic integration. Yet at the moment, the city is under a court order to come up with a plan for better school integration or face court-mandated busing.

In general, Columbus gives the impression of a city that wants to row quietly into the future rather than rock the boat. And yet when the chips were down early this year, Columbus decided not merely to muddle through but to meet an educational crisis with an unorthodox remedy.

—F.M.H.

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later reinforced through four follow-up trips that included special fashion and home-decorating shows, arranged for the students by the hotel in cooperation with local shops. Other groups were bused to another hotel's swimming pool for a spot of recreation.)

5. High school students were invited to participate in classes at the local colleges and universities.

When I went to Columbus to watch "School Without Schools" in action, I was less interested in the emergency procedures (which had already begun to be covered in the national press and the newsmagazines) than in the involuntary experiment's long-term fallout.

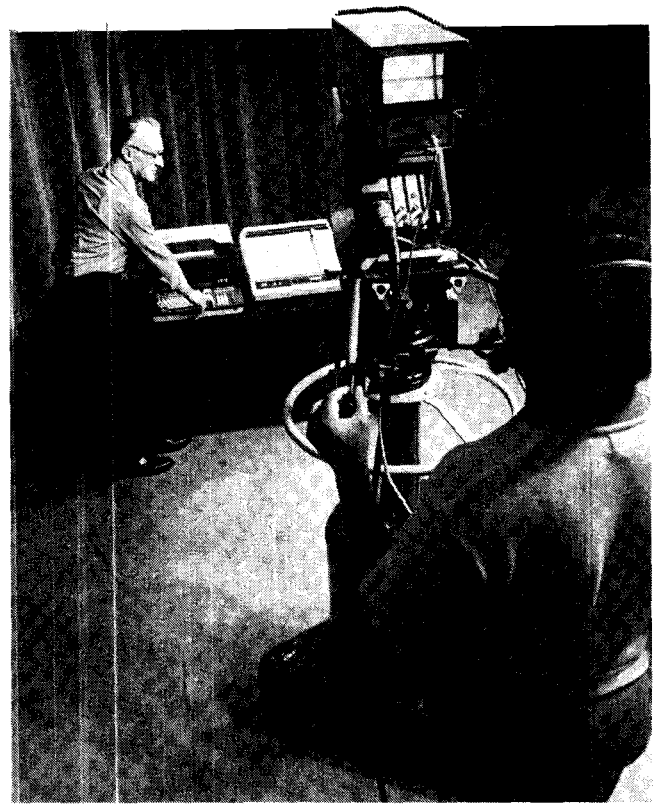
Did the unorthodox approach to schooling, in particular the downgrading of the normally tightly organized classroom requirements, carry a broader message for the reform of American public education? Could learning benefit by being freed from day-to-day confinement within four walls in thousands of standardized classrooms for fixed periods of time defined by the sound of the bell? What should one conclude from the exuberant response of one Columbus teacher, who drove around the neighborhood in a car that bore a large sign reading HAVE MATH, WILL TRAVEL, inviting students with questions literally to call her for drive-in answers?

Should some 200 teachers who became overnight television scriptwriters and performers simply be sent back to the four walls of their classrooms? Should the utilization of the unlimited learning resources in a city's hospitals, department stores, and museums be buried once again under the press of ordinary business? Should the fact that buses are a highly useful way of getting students to the places most suitable for excellent alternative modes of education be quickly forgotten as soon as "busing" again becomes an emotionally freighted code word for or against racial integration?

The answers to these questions are far from easy, and a month-long experiment under the gun of an emergency is insufficient for any final or firm conclusion. And yet, so massive an experiment, with almost 100,000 pupils in an urban setting, is too precious a resource for observation to be passed up by those who are dissatisfied with the status quo.

IDEOLOGUES, overcommitted to the radical concept of America's "deschooling," might be tempted to use the Columbus experience as proof that Ivan Illich, their patron saint and author of *Deschooling Society*, is right when he claims that the community could readily take over all of the schools' functions. I draw no such radical conclusion from my visit to Columbus. The reins held by organized education were dramatically relaxed during the School Without Schools interlude; but they were never relinquished. The superintendent and his staff set out to demonstrate that there are many untried ways of teaching and learning, and that a host of community resources had too long remained untapped; but the school establishment never abdicated its ultimate power, responsibility, and duties.

The idea that Columbus experienced an early instance of the withering away of the school system simply does not stand the test of reality—the community mobilization that galvanized Columbus was only an ad hoc response to an emergency. Like wartime sacrifice, it could not be initiated without a crisis or be maintained after the crisis was over.



Dick Garrett

Going live with computerized algebra lessons.

But if Columbus does not point to radical or utopian solutions, it should not at the same time be written off as a fluke. On the contrary, much of what happened briefly in Columbus places in full public view some highly persuasive lessons for long-term school reform.

A casual visit to the bustling halls where ordinary Columbus teachers were planning and preparing their daily television and radio lessons suggested that such talents ought to be put to better use, even under normal conditions. "If we did it that way in class," said Diane O'Shaughnessy, an elementary school teacher engaged in translating a reading lesson into a 15-minute TV program, "they'd never yawn on us."

"We've all got stars in our eyes," said another teacher, blushing over the very idea. Why not? It is only when those stars grow dull that the lessons do, too.

The short, 15-minute segments, moreover, have another special virtue. "I like the idea that afterward we're leaving the kids with something they can do by themselves," said a male teacher.

A high school teacher, who had just come off the set after a generously illustrated lecture on the industrial revolution, at first seemed embarrassed by his unusual surroundings of lights, cameras, and technicians. He said he missed the interaction with live students. But as he talked about the experience, he seemed to wax more enthusiastic. "Tomorrow," he said, "I'll do a bit together with another teacher—a kind of Huntley–Brinkley gig. See, I'm hooked on media talk already." Why not? Especially since he also conceded that he had never had to work so hard at getting to the gist of a lesson as when he prepared for his 15 minutes on television.

And then the first-grade teacher, looking up from cutting out characters (a barber, a queen, a soldier) for the next day's reading show: "It'll be boring to go back to school."

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Ted Garrett

Third graders at work in donated apartment space.

Must it be? Might not television—closed circuit, if the cost of the medium is too high for use in ordinary times—be used more effectively by a selected group of imaginative teachers with appealing personalities? And if not real TV, might not the successful on-camera techniques of teaching at least be brought into the classroom?

I was reminded of the need for just such a change when I visited some of the one-day-a-week sessions in regular classrooms. Self-selection may have left some of the less sparkling teachers behind while their colleagues with greater pizzazz had gone off to more exciting ventures. Whatever the reason, I was struck by the contrast: a majority of the teachers in the classrooms seemed engaged in business-as-usual with a vengeance. Since the youngsters were under their direct tutelage only once a week, one would have thought that they, too, might make the most of that opportunity. Instead, too many of them—though by no means all—seemed merely to catch up with a few missed spelling tests and the like.

All of this underscores the positive aspects of the Columbus experience, which, one would hope, can be given some attention in future efforts aimed not at deschooling America but at destandardizing the American school. As I watched the teachers creating their new TV lessons, one of the administrators said with an appreciative smile, "How are we going to stuff them back in their box?" The question goes to the heart of the matter: too many of those who run the public schools or teach in them are engaged either in stuffing people into the box of the system or in being stuffed—some reluctantly, others too willingly—into the box. After a while, the box appears as the only safe place for teaching. But is it an optimal place for children to learn?

John Ellis (who probably would not have taken the lead so quickly and effectively in opening the box if he had not been waiting for just such a moment) said the crucial difference in the emergency operation was that it forced the bureaucracy to say "yes" rather than "no" to unorthodox ideas and requests—the exact reversal of normal bureaucratic instincts. "Of course, there have to be rules," he said, "but we are learning that we shouldn't be so up-tight about the rules." As a result, he continued, people are talking to each other more. They cooperate, even if they are normally in separate slots, as is the case with teachers and administrators.

"We work harder and longer hours and are enjoying it more," said Howard Merriman, deputy superintendent in charge of instruction, who did much of the coordinating of the community-wide cooperation. Most of the teachers seemed to agree. Parents suddenly found that there was a great deal to their children's education that had never previously seemed to touch them. A number of parents commented that they were surprised at how "complex" the schools' business really is, particularly such taken-for-granted instruction as reading. Others started to rethink their idea of the curriculum and came away feeling that there were far fewer "frills" than they had believed.

A vast new audience listened in to imaginative teaching. Sure, a few took up the phone to criticize ("Tell the teacher not to say 'pitcher' when she means 'picture' "), but in the main, adults and children seemed pleased to discover that education is not inevitably something that goes on in isolation. Third graders found something interesting in lessons aimed at children two years older—or younger. Time and again, I heard Superintendent Ellis's remark repeated in some form or other: "We discovered a great deal of talent we didn't know we had."

Should that talent—in Columbus and elsewhere—be "stuffed back in its box"? It would be unreasonable to suggest that School Without Schools ought to become the normal way of life. But it would seem almost equally unreasonable to let the Columbus experience fade away without some permanent gain for American education.

At the very least, it might be asked whether rigid hours and excessive confinement to classroom schedules are the only, or even the best, way of teaching and learning. Some of the temporary release granted teachers and administrators from the rigidity of union contracts and organization charts —and the resultant revitalization and enthusiasm—might be viewed as a hint that there *are* better ways, even in the context of normal, non-crisis efforts to improve American education.

It might not even be too radical to suggest that some school systems, even without the threat of freezing classrooms, could declare an occasional moratorium on the usual routine and, perhaps for only a few weeks once every year, unleash the creative talents of teachers, administrators, parents, and the community.

At one point during my visit to Columbus, a local educator said wistfully: "If election day came right after this crisis, I have no doubt that we'd get the money for the schools that was voted down several times in the past." Letting more people get a firsthand view of what the schools can do at their best might not be the worst way of trying to recapture the American public's interest in, and support of, education. ◉

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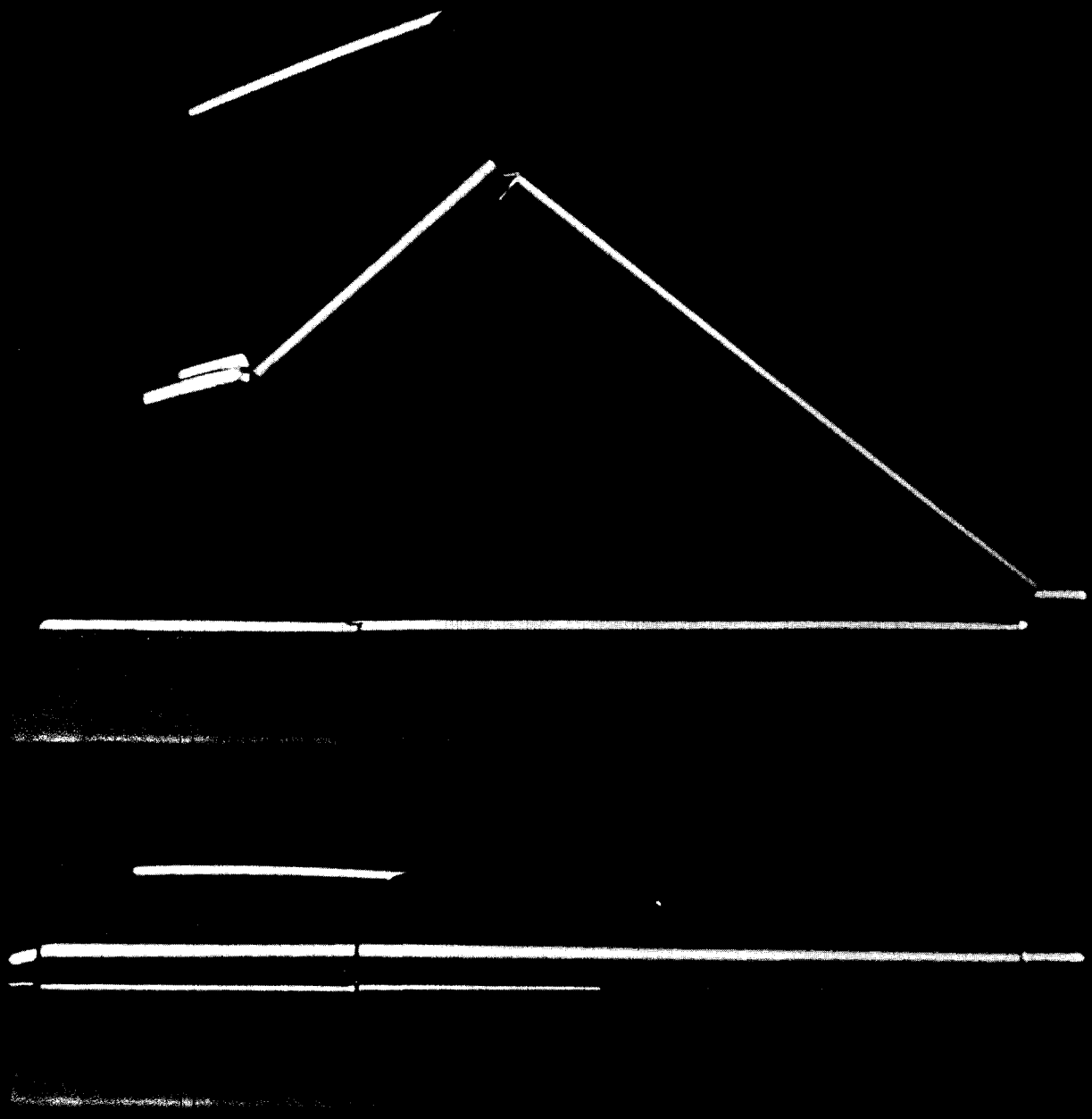

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The Salt of Idiosyncrasy

Talking to Myself:
A Memoir of My Times
by Studs Terkel
Pantheon, 316 pp., $10

Reviewed by Robert Lekachman

MY PROBLEM with Studs Terkel is envy. The people he meets are so much more interesting than the people I meet. Obviously, the difference has something to do with Studs (as well as with our respective casts of characters), or so my single encounter with the man leads me to believe. A few years ago, we were both guests on a TV talk show calculated to promote *Hard Times*, his memoir of the Great Depression. Now even though we were hustling his book, not one of mine, I couldn't help loving the man and wishing that we could adjourn to a handy bar where I could tell him the story of my life.

This suspicion that people are more interesting when Studs is in the vicinity is fed by one of his tales of foreign travel. On one occasion he and Mrs. Terkel are waiting in a Roman café for the arrival of overdue relatives. Naturally, something happens. Let Studs tell the story: "Our waiter is wizened, middle-aged, and haunted. It is a terribly busy hour. He's having a rough time." As if he didn't have enough trouble: "Enter: a tall, beautiful blond woman, who may be Anita Ekberg. Straining at the leash is her large dog. He leaps toward the waiter, who gasps. He is terrified. As I am." Thus far, Anita Ekberg aside, the story could be yours or mine. It's the sequel that separates Studs from the rest of us: "In despair, the waiter catches my eye." Why Studs's eye? That's the Terkel mystery. But let him continue: "I shrug my shoulders, my hands raised imploringly toward the heavens. He does likewise. He tells me the story of his life. I know it, though I don't understand a word." The waiter is eloquent in Italian, Studs listens in English. "I interrupt the first sequence after four minutes of it. '*Scusi, per favore*,' I say. I explain to my wife. 'You see, he has four kids. He works like a dog. Why must he daily suffer all these humiliations.'" Understandably: "My wife sighs. She has been through this before. Often, she has threatened to tell my sudden companions of my fraudulence." Studs, for his part, denies fraud: "That's what he told me. I *know*." I believe him.

At the end of this memoir, which as usual deals rather more with other people than with Studs himself, Studs realizes that Karl Selander, a Swede with whom he is conducting an increasingly boozy conversation, reminds him of someone. *In Cognac veritas.* The someone turns out to be the companions of his youth: the losers, minor mobsters, and eccentrics whom his mother, out of financial necessity, harbored in her Chicago boardinghouse. As Studs presents himself, his curiosity has from boyhood onward lured him into dangerous confrontations with philandering wives, aspiring criminals, militant blacks, belligerent southern red-necks, Mayor Daley's policemen, and South African security cops. He is a coward manqué plunged into repeated baths of hot water by a big mouth and a tape recorder, which he occasionally forgets to switch on.

Studs is a seeker after human virtue. He admires the fortitude of American waiters, Chicago hookers, American blacks, Swedish miners, battered ex-pugs, deserted wives, struggling entertainers and writers—all the losers and small winners who retain dignity, humor, and the salt of idiosyncrasy. For someone to meet Studs's standards, fame is incidental. The touchstone is authenticity and courage, such as that of the Zulu chief Luthuli, who died either by accident or suicide in front of a train after wearing himself out fighting apartheid; or that of southern liberals like

Jess Brodnax

Studs Terkel—"A rare spirit . . . a seeker after human virtue."

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics at Herbert Lehman College of the City University of New York and author of Economists at Bay.

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Clifford and Virginia Durr, who stayed in Montgomery and fought lonely, occasionally dangerous, and always unpleasant battles for racial equality; or that of E. D. Nixon, the black minister who dared ask a southern sheriff to investigate the murder of a mere black. Studs devotes a number of affecting pages to the great gospel singer Mahalia Jackson—before her rise to fame.

Studs likes people who refused to sign loyalty oaths during the McCarthy hysteria and went to jail rather than testify against friends. He celebrates James Cameron's journalism, but reserves his higher praise for that gifted Englishman's resignation, on principle, from a high-paying job on one of Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers.

It is easy to like most of the people Studs likes. Our guide stirs our sympathy, if not our affection, for corrupt ward-heelers, religious fanatics, and minor criminals; even for an occasional bigot. Consider, for example, Colonel Al Munson, the National Guard officer charged, one Freedom Summer, with the responsibility for protecting Martin Luther King Jr.'s marchers from Selma to Montgomery. Al hates blacks as a matter of course, but he knows his duty. Hearken to a human voice: "Ah've always hated mah job, but ah've done it, by God, the best ah could." The colonel is not an easy militarist to love: "When ah went to Auburn, ah played fullback. Made All-American, ah forget whose. . . . Mah teammates all hated mah guts. But ah did my job, by God!" The colonel's tragedy! Then, in the Berlin airlift: "Crew all hated mah guts, but ah delivered the goods, by God! . . . Tomorrow, not one nigger's gonna have one scratch, all the way to the capitol." What about the colonel's family? Same story: "*Had* a family. *Had* one. At least *ah* thought so. One day, she up and leaves me. The girls, too. Hated mah guts. They *tol'* me that."

No hero, Al Munson comes across as something of a man, and so, through the prism Studs holds up before us, wins something of our grudging respect.

The people Studs can't stand turn out, not unexpectedly, to be the big winners, particularly politicians. He detested Mayor Daley. No compassion softens his indignant judgment of a mayor who destroyed the same ethnic neighborhoods he so routinely praised; who harried his enemies with tax assessors, building inspectors, and "red squads"; and who, in the summer of 1968, turned his uniformed

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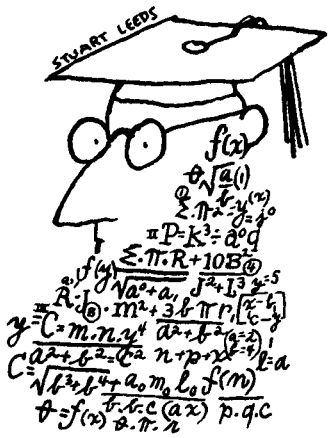
thugs loose against demonstrators peacefully congregated in the Chicago parks. One can fairly charge to Daley's account Hubert Humphrey's loss to Richard Nixon and the subsequent blessings of eight Republican years. Studs will miss Daley. Few enemies can have been more satisfactory.

Studs casts a cold eye on those Presidents whose potential for harm was greatest. His interpretation of the Cuban missile crisis does not flatter John F. Kennedy. As Studs sees those scary days, Kennedy, obsessed with his own macho, deliberately risked nuclear war. Rather fortunate for the world, Terkel judges, that Kennedy's Russian counterpart owned a less anxious psyche. Studs holds a certain contempt for the prominent generals and journalists who somehow, in all their exercises in mutual ego massage, never quite get around to questions of life and death.

Studs prefers enlisted men to officers, factory toilers to corporate executives, artists to agents—men and women whose human juices have not yet been drained by the pomp and affectation of success. In the Terkel pantheon there are no corporation presidents, no retired Secretaries of State, no billionaires. There is one Nobel laureate: Bertrand Russell.

I should mislead you if I claimed that *Talking to Myself* hewed to the Aristotelian unities. Unless close attention is paid, one may be left uncertain about chronology and geography. Studs's memories weave back and forth through childhood, adolescence, maturity, and the wry, current voice of a man born in 1912. The only, and quite adequate, unity is that of a rare spirit with a gracious appreciation of the good in human beings and an occasional kind word for the sinners—with the exceptions noted.

Yes, Studs, I'll happily plug your book on another talk show, or on half a dozen. Will you let me talk into your recorder this time? ◉



Books

Ending Without End

I Can't Go On, I'll Go On: A Selection from Samuel Beckett's Work
Edited and introduced by Richard W. Seaver
Grove Press, 670 pp., $15

Beckett/Beckett
by Vivian Mercier
Oxford University Press, 225 pp., $11.95

Fizzles
by Samuel Beckett
Grove Press, 64 pp., $6.95

Ends and Odds: Eight New Dramatic Pieces
by Samuel Beckett
Grove Press, 128 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Paul Auster

Jerry Bauer

Samuel Beckett—"His work has not ceased to move forward."

No living writer has inspired more controversy than Samuel Beckett. In the past 25 years his novels and plays have been subjected to every kind of analysis, scrutinized from every possible angle, and placed on the dissecting tables of literary scholars, theologians, metaphysicians, linguists, and newspapermen. Beckett's work, however, seems somehow to resist even the most honorable and assiduous efforts at gloss, to remain far more than the sum of its commentaries. Unlike Joyce, whose works have become virtual prisoners of exegesis—and therefore the exclusive property of the academics—Beckett, in spite of the difficulties he often presents, remains highly accessible, a writer who engages the reader immediately and at the most fundamental level.

Reading Beckett for the first time is an experience like no other in modern literature. For the young Richard Seaver, an American student in Paris in the early Fifties, discovering two novels written in French by an unknown Irishman was an event that completely changed his life. At the time, Seaver was associated with a small literary magazine, *Merlin*, and at his insistence it set about printing as much of Beckett's work as possible (some of it in Seaver's English translations) and eventually brought out the first edition of the novel *Watt*. Some years later, Seaver became an editor at Grove Press and was intimately involved in all of Beckett's American publications for nearly two decades. Now, in *I Can't Go On, I'll Go On*, Seaver has put together an ample selection of Beckett's writings—poetry and criticism, short stories, sections from novels, and several plays—prefaced by a warmly appreciative and personal reminiscence of those early days in Paris that provides some very human and revealing glimpses of Beckett the man. Seaver has done his

Paul Auster has written two volumes of poetry, Unearth *and* Wall Writing. *His criticism has appeared in* The New York Review of Books, Harper's, *and* Commentary.

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best to include in their entirety as many works as possible, and for someone who has never encountered Beckett before, this book is a good place to start.

Beckett developed as a writer slowly and painfully. To follow the chronological progress of Seaver's selection is to witness the ways in which a man must travel to the depths of himself in order to purify his talent. Beckett's early work, while it often attains great heights, is in some sense overbrilliant, too finely wrought, and labors too hard in order to achieve its effects. One feels the presence of a young man who has read and absorbed everything, and who has sought to put it all into everything he writes. The too powerful influence of Joyce has been mentioned in this regard, and there is perhaps some truth to the contention that Beckett had to struggle out from the shadow of his older compatriot. Certainly it is clear that the war—or the war period—was a turning point for Beckett as a writer, for somewhere around the age of forty he underwent a profound metamorphosis that led him to settle in France permanently and to abandon English for French. This precipitated an extraordinary creative outpouring. In the five years immediately following the war, Beckett wrote many of the works that are most closely associated with his name: *Mercier and Camier*, *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, *Waiting for Godot*, *The Unnamable*, and *Stories and Texts for Nothing*.

Nevertheless, Beckett's themes and major preoccupations were already present in his earliest writings, and his attitudes have remained remarkably constant. The quest for the self; the obsessive wheeling around of words; the recognition of language as both deliverance and obstacle; the fascination with minimal existence; the fusion of erudition and coarseness, of sentiment and cruelty, of pathos and humor —all these motifs, found in nearly every one of Beckett's works, have been elaborated with single-minded intensity from the very beginning. What makes Beckett so consistently engaging, what makes him so clearly a "great writer," is the fact that his language is absolutely embedded in his vision of the world; and his world view, absolutely inseparable from his style. As Beckett himself put it at the age of twenty-three in *Dante . . . Bruno: Vico . . . Joyce*: "Here form *is* content, content *is* form . . . his writing is not *about* something; *it is that something itself*." For want of a better term, I would call the tone of Beckett's art "classico-romantic"—that is, an art of the greatest precision and control that strives to locate the center of emotional life, the very thing that cannot be controlled. It is an art of contrasts, and its music is not that of Vivaldi or Liszt, but rather of Beethoven and Schubert—of mastery married to feeling.

VIVIAN MERCIER'S *Beckett/Beckett* is essentially an examination of these contrasts. By adhering to a rigorously dialectical approach, he manages to put his finger on many of the crucial dualistic elements in Beckett's work. Even the chapter titles are a reflection of his method: "Ireland/The World," "Gentleman/Tramp," "Classicism/Absurdism," "Painting/Music," "Eye/Ear," Artist/Philosopher," "Woman/Man"—all of which he sums up in the epilogue, under the heading of "Intellect/Emotion." At first glance this seems depressingly schematic, but Mercier is not a rigid writer, and his prose ambles along in a most agreeable manner, making one all but forget the Ping-Pong design of the book.

Mercier attended the same boarding school and university as Beckett and comes from the same Irish-Protestant background. Perhaps because of this, he speaks more fully and authoritatively than other critics of Beckett's early education and university curriculum (he had many of the same teachers), and shows a refreshingly evenhanded attitude toward Beckett's work. Although his respect for it is considerable, he does not shudder in awe of it (as so many other critics have done), and he is not beyond an occasional reproach. One of the most pertinent sections in the book is a fine discussion of Racine's influence on Beckett's plays (Beckett, one learns, taught an entire course on Racine during his tenure as assistant in French at Trinity, and Mercier has been fortunate enough to acquire a set of course notes from a former student). There is also an excellent tracing of Beckett's involvement with painting and music and of their effect on his work. Mercier's prime motive is not so much to explicate the writer as to convey the climate of his works, to bring one closer to his basic concerns.

Samuel Beckett is now past seventy. With the bulk of his work necessarily behind him and his "place" in literature already beyond dispute, there is a risk of premature canonization, of burying a healthy body under an avalanche of panegyrics and testimonials. But Beckett is very much alive, and the two of his books recently published in America—*Ends and Odds*, eight new dramatic pieces for theater, radio, and television, and *Fizzles*, a collection of eight short prose texts—demonstrate that his work has not ceased to move forward.

No collection of Beckett's plays has been more varied than *Ends and Odds*. In the already well-known *Not I*, a breathless monologue for disembodied mouth first performed in 1972, and in *That Time*, with its elegiac inner music of memory, Beckett proves once again that with the simplest of means—language reduced to its bones—it is possible to create drama of the greatest power. In the second section of the book, "Odds," subtitled "Roughs for Theatre and Radio," one immediately senses Beckett's willingness to take risks and go off in new directions. This is particularly true of an 18-page piece entitled "Theatre II." An utterly haunting and ambiguous atmosphere is created here as two men rummage through the belongings and papers of a third man standing by a window in a corner of the room. Is the third man about to jump? Are the other two there to kill him or to save him? Or are they perhaps merely the voices of his own conscience? Nothing is quite clear. It is a situation unlike that of any other Beckett play: the landscape is more specific and the tone more naturalistic, almost understated. Inconsequential details keep cropping up to obscure the purpose of the two interlopers, and there is no true resolution. And yet a terrible menace seems to hover about the entire proceedings. The script seethes with latent powers, and one can imagine how it could be turned into an electrifying production.

The stories in *Fizzles*, which range from two to eight pages, are beautifully spare, fuguelike compositions in the manner of much of Beckett's later fiction. The first six, written around 1960 and then apparently abandoned, are a reworking of some of the themes in *Three Novels* and *Texts for Nothing*, and point the way toward subsequent stories, written in the

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late Sixties, such as "Imagination Dead Imagine," "Ping," and "Lessness," whereas "Fizzle 7" (entitled "Still" and written in 1972) and "Fizzle 8" (entitled "For To End Yet Again" and written in 1975) break new ground and work independently as separate pieces. "Still" is pure description, an exact rendering of a person (nameless, genderless) looking through a window at the setting sun. This is Beckett at his most extreme: by suppressing everything connected with thought and emotion and confining himself exclusively to an account of physical movement, he has managed to create a work that is nevertheless all mood and feeling. The effect of "Still" is somewhat like that of a musical exercise written to demonstrate the laws of counterpoint that winds up transcending those laws to become a piece of music in its own right. By the time one reaches the roof, the scaffolding has disappeared.

"For To End Yet Again," on the other hand, is a nightmare vision of a death landscape, an inferno that extends beyond the purgatory depicted in *The Lost Ones*. In a flawless, hypnotic prose, it ends:

> Or murmur from some dreg of life after the lifelong stand fall fall never fear no fear of your rising again. Sepulchral skull is this then its last state all set for always litter and dwarfs ruins and little body grey cloudless sky glutted dust verge upon verge hell air not a breath. And dream of a way in a space with neither here nor there where all the footsteps ever fell can never fare nearer to anywhere nor from anywhere further away. No for in the end for to end yet again by degrees or as though switched on dark falls there again that certain dark that alone certain ashes can. Through it who knows yet another end beneath a cloudless sky same dark it earth and sky of a last end if ever there had to be another absolutely had to be.

For years now, one has been hearing that Beckett has played himself out, that he has left himself with nothing more to say. And every two years or so, he produces a new work as stunning and memorable as anything that has come before it. Beckett's ongoing oeuvre is a pursuit of that which is most difficult in himself and the world, and though he might seek to come to an end, to have done once and for all, the quest endlessly begins again, immediately upon the completion of the last work, the last word. As time goes on, Beckett's writing has become ever sparer and simpler. His art has now been reduced to bits and pieces, shards gathered up from the "ruinstrewn land." But each fragment, as if studded with precious metals, glows with an inexhaustible radiance. ◉

Books

Mysterious Mirage

Fata Morgana
by William Kotzwinkle
Knopf, 224 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Hollis Alpert

THERE is nothing that says a suspense novel need not be well written. Indeed, a master of the form, a Graham Greene, an Eric Ambler, can concoct a tale and develop it with style and elegance. Because the ingredients of a suspense story are far less the stuff of human emotions (other than fear) than of practical matters—Arab or Israeli conspiracy, the theft of a plutonium bomb, the destruction of a national institution like the Super Bowl, the poisoning of a city's water supply—the form was for a long time downgraded by critics. No suspense novelist has won the Nobel Prize for Literature, and neither has the Pulitzer Prize for fiction gone one's way. Graham Greene was modest enough to call his delectable essays into the genre "entertainments," thus distinguishing them from his more serious Catholic and political novels.

Millions of readers turn to suspense for entertainment. They wish to be taken out of themselves, kept on edge, ever turning pages. The end of each chapter contains the hook that snares the reader into continuing on to the next chapter. As familiar, even overly familiar, as the form is, it nevertheless allows for wit, cleverness, displays of arcane knowledge, daring invention, and, every now and then, good writing. A case in point is *Fata Morgana*, by William Kotzwinkle, a fine young writer previously known for such "serious" novels as *The Fan Man* and *Doctor Rat*. The title of this new work is taken from the Italian and means a mirage, especially one that is the work of a sorceress or, as employed here by Kotzwinkle, a sorcerer.

Kotzwinkle's sorcerer is a Parisian, Ric Lazare by name, who in 1861 has captivated the higher strata of the city's society with the opulent salon he maintains, with his bewitchingly beautiful wife, and above all with his intricate and extraordinary fortune-telling machine. The entranced subject is allowed no more than 30 seconds in the presence of the contraption, which clicks out, on a thin strip of paper, the foretelling of his fate.

Kotzwinkle informs us in his perhaps tongue-in-cheek foreword: "The incidents that follow were suggested by an article written by Madame Blavatsky in the *Spiritual Scientist* for November, 1875. Mme. Blavatsky received the details of the story from the adept known as Hillarion, sometimes called Hillarion Smerdis. Endreinek Agardi of Koloswar considered some of the facts erroneously detailed. Anyone caring to visit the police archives in Paris will find the entire incident hotly denied. Where the truth of the matter lies will perhaps never be known."

AT ANY rate, police inspector Paul Picard, something of a genius at tracking down and overcoming some of the most notorious criminals ever to disturb the lively reign of Louis Napoleon, is set on the trail of Lazare. It is a comedown for him, this unmasking of a man who is undoubtedly an impostor, a charlatan. But Picard has been badly wounded in an encounter with the deadly Baron Mantes, known for his preying upon beautiful women, luring them to a bedchamber and then horribly dismembering them. (Kotzwinkle deals in extravagances and hardly lets up for a moment.) Picard must now adjust himself to less glamorous cases, or so it seems. Instead, his inquiry into the present and former life of Ric Lazare provides him with the most extraordinary adventure of all.

Picard's researches take him to the salon of Ric Lazare, into the presence of the fortune-telling machine, to an encounter with the ravishing Mme. Lazare, and then on to Vienna, Nuremberg, Budapest, and the valleys and steppes of Hungary.

Continued on next page

Hollis Alpert is the author of A Disappearance, *a suspense novel written under the pseudonym of Robert Carroll.*

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Kotzwinkle takes him and us on an almost dreamlike journey. The details seem real enough, but real in the way a movie is real. Though the atmosphere of nineteenth-century Paris is there—the smells of food and perfumes, the mode of dress, the dingy cafés and the great salons—it's as if the author had used a film, *Children of Paradise*, say, for research.

But has Picard fallen under the spell of the swarthy Lazare? Is Lazare a remarkable mountebank, a constructor of fabulous toys, or is he the reincarnation of Cagliostro? All, or almost all, will be answered eventually; it is obligatory for a suspense novel to provide answers, along with a flashy finale. But Kotzwinkle quite obviously wants to employ the form for the opportunities it provides for indulgences; for escape from the dreary realism, the psychological delving, the minutiae of experience, the philosophical anguish of the important novelists. The form allows him to tell an adult fairy tale. And so the possibilities widen.

This sets him well above the more ordinary practitioners, the specialists in modern terror, the revivalists of the private eye. Others have grown restive, too. Michael Crichton is one notable example. In *The Great Train Robbery*, he cleverly and meticulously conveyed the look, feel, and speech of Victorian England while seeming merely to recount the details of a startling crime. Le Carré, of course, is another, as is Gerald Seymour, whose recent *Harry's Game* provides an authentic glimpse into the turmoil of Northern Ireland while it follows a British undercover agent tracking down a political assassin.

Suspense is one form; the mystery, another. In the latter, the detective, or the detective-surrogate, knows more than the reader and has greater deductive powers. The late Agatha Christie could switch with ease from one form to the other. With suspense, one is au courant; one shares the adventure as it proceeds, or one may even know more than the hero. Kotzwinkle deals in mysteries rather than mystery; they have to do with the practice of magic, and magic is always real in imagination, if not in life. The ending of his tale might seem to be a cheat, yet it fits his theme—and the title. But I've given enough clues, and it would spoil the fun of his book to tell more. This much can be said: Whoever takes *Fata Morgana* along on a train or plane, or spends an evening or two with it while ignoring the more mundane mirages provided by the television tube, has in store a rare treat. ◉

Books

The African Through Egyptian Eyes

The Image of the Black in Western Art: Volume 1—From the Pharaohs to the Fall of the Roman Empire
by Jean Vercoutter, Jean LeClant, Frank M. Snowden, Jr., and Jehan Desanges Morrow, 352 pp., $60

Reviewed by John D. Cooney

THE handsomely illustrated book reviewed here is the first of a series of three volumes, edited by Ladislas Bugner, investigating the iconography of blacks in Occidental art. It virtually exhausts all possible resources, both representational and historical, on the Negro in antiquity, a subject only partially investigated until now.

Egypt has left us by far the earliest and largest record of civilization's first contacts with the native populations of central Africa. Those contacts began around 3000 B.C. or soon after, for in the famous Hierakonpolis cache in Upper Egypt, in the discards of an archaic temple, an elegant lapis statuette of a nude Negro woman, doubtless a concubine (what was she doing in a temple?), appeared. Though the exact date and place of her manufacture are uncertain, she is the first representation of an African in art. If she is ignored in this book, as she is in most writings on the subject, she is ably replaced by the superb limestone head of "an African princess," a Giza sculpture found in the Boston-Harvard excavations and contemporary with the Great Pyramid. That sculpture is tangible, if mute, evidence of the lofty rank a Negro could attain in the court of the most absolute monarch the world has known. But mute it remains, for no recorded mention of the princess or her countrymen survives. Not until centuries later—in Dynasty VI, with the famous inscription of Harkhuf, a noble of the court of Pepi II—is there a written record of Egyptian contact with people of the south, and even this notation is puzzling. It records the acquisition of a "pygmy." But what does the word mean—in English, let alone the ancient tongue? In short, Egypt's contacts with lands to the south during the great Pyramid Age did produce a few splendid sculptures, but failed to comment on the life-styles of these foreign people.

Even with the rise of Dynasty XII, around 2000 B.C., representations of blacks remain the exception, limited largely to soldiers and concubines. And they seem to be not true blacks but Nubians of dark pigmentation, possibly Negroid types. But that point is arguable. Almost half a century ago the distinguished Austrian scholar H. Junker denied that Egypt had contact with true blacks or Negroes before approximately 1500 B.C., those representations that have passed for blacks being in fact peoples from Lower Nubia. Almost certainly he was wrong; otherwise, how to explain the few but striking sculptures of the Old Kingdom?

Any mention of Dynasty XII must include the strange Egyptian settlement of Kerma, a trading and military post established by the crown early in Dynasty XII under an Egyptian governor. G. A. Reisner, who excavated the site at the remote Third Cataract and published his findings, identified it as purely Egyptian. Later students have disagreed with his identification of the settlement, but their arguments that the settlement is African have not been too convincing, especially since no representations of blacks have come from there.

Negroes, at least as subjects for works of art, come into their own with the New Kingdom, the time of empire and of Egypt's military greatness. Beginning

John D. Cooney, one of this country's most distinguished authorities on ancient art, has written widely in his field. From 1940 to 1963 he was curator of ancient art at the Brooklyn Museum, moving from there to the same position at the Cleveland Museum of Art. In 1975 he retired as curator of ancient art to become the Cleveland's research curator of Egyptian art.

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about 1500 B.C. there are four centuries of lavish production of paintings, reliefs, small-scale sculptures, and luxurious objets d'art in every medium, the bulk of them portraying the southerners in very subordinate positions. The Egyptians tended to be disdainful of foreigners, and the Negro was not only foreign but one of the traditional enemies of Egypt.

Only two of the greatest works among this vast production of the New Kingdom can be mentioned here—the famous reliefs of the reign of Hatshepsut, recording the voyage to Punt of about 1475 B.C., and reliefs from the Memphite tomb of Horemheb, built while he was commander in chief of Egypt's armed forces, dating from the middle of the fourteenth century B.C.

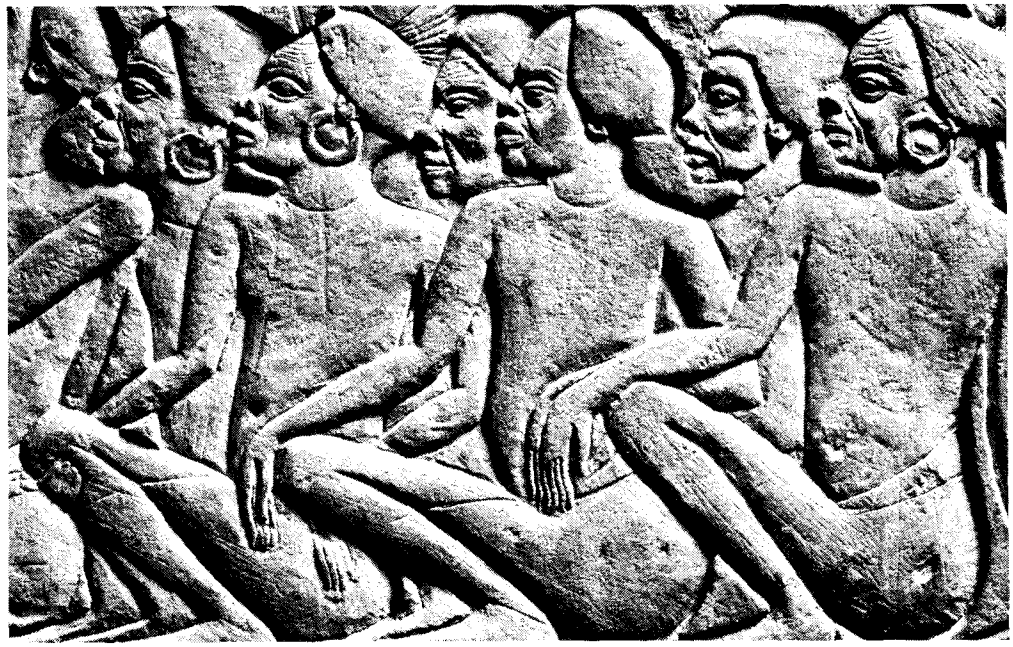
Punt, the land of incense, was somewhere just beyond the southern end of the Red Sea, in the area now taken up by Yemen and Somaliland. The Egyptians pictured their journey there as one of tribute collecting, but in fact it was an entirely commercial venture. Artists were taken along to depict the peoples and customs of this distant land, in what is perhaps the earliest record of a scientific interest in foreign flora and fauna. The result, still with us, is a picture of a tropical village built on piles—of its inhabitants, exotic flora, and strange fish. Of these reliefs, interest has centered on the amorphous queen of Punt, a huge fat lady, presented to us by the Egyptians without comment. What caused her obesity, and was she African? These questions remain open.

The best answer to date for both questions comes not from the Egyptians, but from the great nineteenth-century British explorer Captain Speke, the probable discoverer of the source of the Nile. In a vivid passage about his encounter with a despotic Uganda kinglet (a spiritual ancestor of Idi Amin) he describes the force-feeding of the young women of the royal harem, almost a form of torture. The king liked his ladies fat to the point of obesity. Perhaps the queen of Punt was an ancient victim of the custom. Would that the Egyptians had been as eloquently voluble as the British explorers of the late eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. They produced a great travel literature, a rich commentary on the manners and customs of the Africans, but, unlike the Egyptians, they produced almost no related art and showed almost no interest in the art they did see or must have seen. The Egyptians produced the art without the commentary. Combine the two and one has something.

Horemheb's tomb seems to record the results of an African military expedition of which there is no other trace. Possibly it was a mere academic exercise, but whether the military expedition actually occurred or not, it has left us the finest representations of the Negro in New Kingdom art—works of almost anthropological accuracy. But, depressing thought, the scene is probably also the first representation of a slave market.

The Greeks, unlike the Egyptians, did not penetrate Africa. Their contacts with the Negroes took place in alien lands, and as a result their creations portraying blacks always tend to the picturesque and exotic, in a manner very much akin to European productions of chinoiserie in the eighteenth century. The Negro was picturesquely linked with the crocodile and other tropical animals. But the Greeks did represent him accurately and sympathetically, particularly in their figure vases and bronzes, the latter at their sensuous best in the later Hellenistic Age.

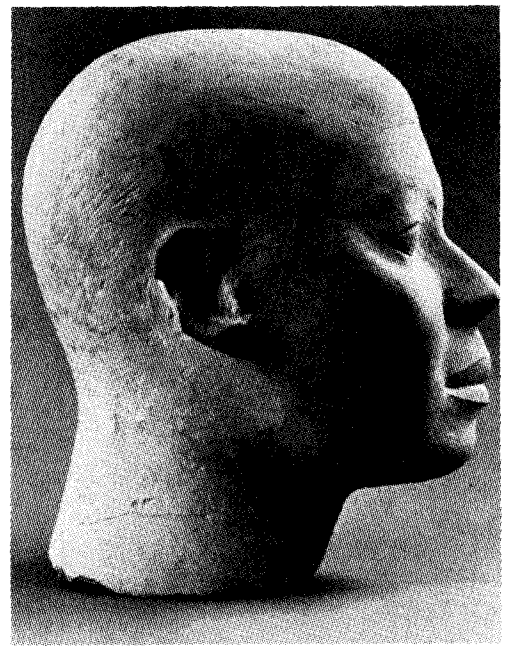
An ethnologist or historian would doubtless prefer the travel literature mentioned above, but for the art specialist this handsomely printed book will immediately become the basic reference for any study of the African peoples. ◉



Hickey and Robertson

▲ *Limestone relief from tomb of Horemheb in Memphis, mid-fourteenth century B.C.—"Probably the first representation of a slave market."*

Mario Carrieri



Limestone head of African princess, about 2600 B.C., from Giza—"Tangible, if mute, evidence of lofty rank." ►

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Books in Brief

Fault Lines

by Kate Wilhelm
Harper & Row, 195 pp., $8.95

EMILY CARMICHAEL, heroine and narrator of Kate Wilhelm's latest novel, is the kind of woman I feel I ought to like—but don't. Seventy years old, embattled feminist, editor of a small literary magazine, she succors stray artists and children in a run-down San Francisco mansion built by her grandfather.

As she lies pinned under the ruins of her summer cottage following an earthquake, she ponders the meaning of fault lines—cracks in the earth's crust where the violence at the center erupts in precariously predictable spasms—and of those human flaws that fracture friendships, family ties, and even the will to live. As Emily awaits rescue, she examines her own life and motivations—always, apparently, on the right (politically left) side of the tracks—and emerges as a free-living, -loving prig.

Her father and son, both geologists, have taught her about the nondurability of theories about the earth's formation. Emily mines the strata of her memories and of her dreams for ever elusive gleams of permanent truth. The novel, shuffling blurred impressions and out-of-sequence bits of information, reflects Emily's mercurial stream of consciousness, but sometimes leaves the reader adrift without any clear sense of direction.

The elliptical form espoused here by Kate Wilhelm remains an exercise in literary technique and fails to bring her characters, particularly Emily's antagonists, into fully human focus. I'd like to cheer her feisty heroine on as she flails away at her morally flimsy opponents, but there's not much sport in watching someone chop up straw men with an ax.

—SUSAN HOROWITZ

My Enemy, My Brother: Men and Days of Gettysburg

by Joseph E. Persico
Viking, 252 pp., $10.95

ONE out of every four of the 170,000 men on the field at Gettysburg was a casualty. In reconstructing that experience from terse soldiers' diaries and stark War Department reports, Joseph E. Persico uses novelistic connective tissue to create dialogue, personalize group narratives, describe an amputation without sterilization. His story of the "GI Joe" of 1863 may not match the artistry of Bruce Catton or Stephen Crane, but it has an earthiness and immediacy that are compelling.

In the first two days of battle, Lee's forces inflicted severe defeats on the two flanks of the mile-long Union defenses. Still, the Federals refused to buckle. On the third day, Lee ordered a futile frontal assault on the strongly entrenched Union center at Cemetery Ridge. Led by George Edward Pickett, the 15,000 grays advanced in two precise rows, followed by a third row of "file closers" whose function was to shoot malingerers. Amid dismembered bodies and the screams of the wounded, they trudged 1,760 yards into the hell of artillery and rifle fire. Only a handful reached ultimate annihilation at the Union wall.

After such slaughter, the human mind, if not the body, craved rest. Yet if Union commander George Gordon Meade had driven mercilessly on, if he had had the audacity of a Lee or a Grant, he might have destroyed the fleeing Army of Northern Virginia while it paused at the flooded Potomac, and never needed Appomattox.

—MAX M. MINTZ

Prize Stories 1977: The O. Henry Awards

Edited by William Abrahams
Doubleday, 303 pp., $8.95

THE short stories in this year's *O. Henry Awards* live up to the hallmarks of their namesake: surprise endings, formal innovations, and skewed viewpoints abound. Each story is told as unusually as possible. Some resemble psychiatric case histories, others repeat a simple tale from many perspectives, while one consists entirely of letters to an undertaker.

Like O. Henry's stories, these of 1977 are steeped in their contemporary American scene. They differ, however, in that many of their topics seem to have been culled from the most sensational headlines, involving southern California murderers and religious fanatics, and extramarital affairs among jet-setters. Academic life is also a common topic. Unfortunately, several of the stories seem formulaic, as though their writers had sacrificed true structure and their vital concerns to some vague, abstract notion of how a tale can

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be most surprisingly and unusually told.

The better stories combine ironic narrators and eccentric characters. John Cheever's deliberately quixotic and broken "The President of the Argentine" mixes reminiscences of old Boston with speculations about story writing. Here and there, writers give more traditional delineations of character. One of the most striking stories, Ella Leffland's "Last Courtesies," is so direct and visual that it recalls the narrative style of television.

Though this selection seems based more upon variety than quality, variety has its good points: it makes the selection representative of current American short fiction, thus useful for the reader who wants such an overview. —EVE OTTENBERG

The Biography of Alice B. Toklas
by Linda Simon
Doubleday, 254 pp., $10

DURING her 40 years as Gertrude Stein's companion, lover, hostess, editor, and secretary, Alice B. Toklas was, to all but a few, elusive and self-effacing, thus making any biography a difficult, oblique undertaking. Linda Simon writes beautifully of Alice's early years in California, of her Polish-Jewish family, of her growing alienation from her surroundings and gravitation toward artists, of her awareness of the isolating burden homosexuality would force on her. From the moment of her crucial meeting with Stein in 1907, however, Toklas's story fades inevitably into the shadow of the mythic Stein and the artists who flocked to her Paris salon in the early decades of this century.

Many of these artists attest to Toklas's quiet but formidable strength and charm, equal to, if vastly different from, her companion's. Not only did she manage all practical domestic matters (no easy task during two world wars), but she also gave unceasingly the encouragement, faith, and love that Stein, long unrecognized, so desperately needed. After the writer's death in 1946, Toklas devoted her remaining 21 years to ensuring publication of the writings and to guarding the myth jealously, to the frustration of researchers.

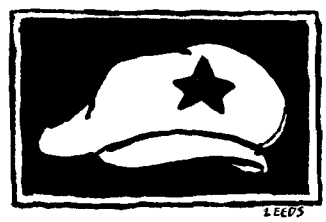
A life spent in service to another is an enigma: Simon's biography, entertaining, thoroughly researched, and well written though it is, does not penetrate to the inner nature of her subject. Perhaps no study can. If it lacks the élan of accounts by witnesses and participants, it compensates with a clear gaze fixed on undistorted truth. Commemorating Toklas's birth in 1877, the book contains photographs, an appendix on Stein's work, and an enormous bibliography.

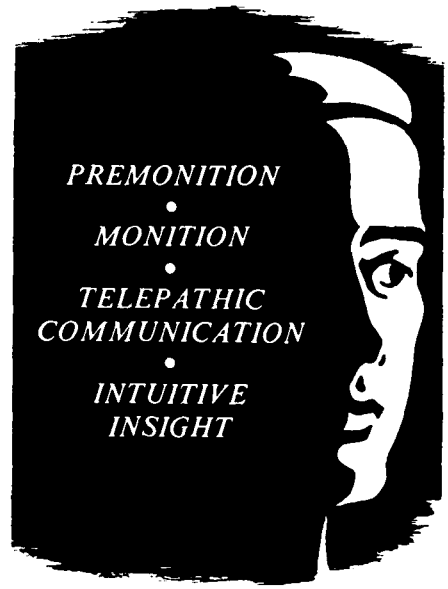
—LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

How to Save Your Own Life
by Erica Jong
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 239 pp., $8.95

THE problem with Erica Jong's sequel to *Fear of Flying* is point of view: she is too close to her alter-ego heroine to *see* her. Isadora Wing, now thirty-two and nine years married, is on the threshold of divorce. In the process of decision-making, she has a lesbian affair (calls it "bisexual chic"); is hyped by a producer into Hollywoodizing her best seller, *Candida Confesses*; shuttles back and forth between New York (where she taxis between her Upper West Side apartment and a psychiatrist's office) and California (where she visits artistic paterfamilias Kurt Hammer). This mentor, an undisguised Henry Miller, advises her: Turn your back on the "death-people" who grudge your success, and never use the word "painful" again. She proceeds with divorce, an affair with a bearded younger man, and notes for a new novel—*How to Save Your Own Life*—which we are in the midst of reading.

The stickler is that Erica-Isadora has mistaken risqué for risk. In novelistic terms, her pique has been too petty and personal to spawn a roman à clef; her adventures too weighed down with solipsistic ruminations to be picaresque, too unknowing to develop into a Bildungsroman. If Miller is her mentor, she has missed both his self-humor and his liberation from convention and adopted only the trappings of his *machismo* as her *machisma*. Jong is too canny and full of life to settle for this whistle in the dark. One hopes she will regain distance (by which I do not mean indifference) and write her next novel with less concern about how people see her. —LINDA KUEHL





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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Canada's Finest

Irving Layton is the best poet in Canada, and, shocking to say, until now he has been all but unavailable in the United States. New Directions, bless them, has just published his *Selected Poems*, which sells for $8.50, cloth, and a mere $2.25, paper. You absolutely cannot go wrong. Layton's *Collected Poems*, published in 1971, consisted of 589 poems; the *Selected* is winnowed down to a mere 51. Layton, now in his sixties, is your sensitive, sensuous tough guy: energetic, violent, funny, proud of his Jewishness. His poems can have a chauvinistic ring, as in "Misunderstanding": "I placed/my hand/upon/her thigh./By the way/she moved/away/I could see/her devotion/to literature/was not/perfect." Or they can be as powerful as "Rhine Boat Trip":

The castles on the Rhine
are all haunted
by the ghosts of Jewish mothers
looking for their ghostly children

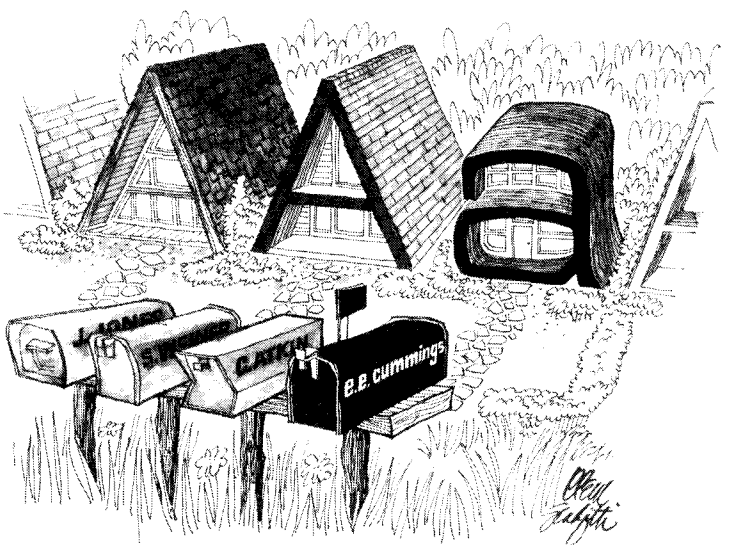
And the clusters of grapes
in the sloping vineyards
are myriads of blinded eyes
staring at the blind sun

The tireless Lorelei
can never comb from their hair
the crimson beards
of murdered rabbis

However sweetly they sing
one hears only
the low wailing of cattle-cars
moving invisibly across the land

How Not To Be Listless

I'll bet that half the reviews will quote W. S. Gilbert when they talk about *The Book of Lists* by David Wallechinsky, Irving Wallace, and Amy Wallace (Morrow, May 6, $10.95). It's an ideal dipping-into book: the life-spans of animals, anatomical remains of famous people, 20 children of unmarried parents, 15 leading European bartenders, 30 renowned redheads, 10 people who had stigmata, and the 10 best forgers of all time. Hundreds of lists, and you pick up some astounding facts: Did you know that if you eat the twigs or foliage of a cherry tree you'll die? That the word "boondocks" comes from Tagalog? That tundra is Lapp? That bizarre is Basque? That on the wedding night of Napoleon and Josephine, her dog, believing his mistress was being attacked, jumped under the sheets and nipped Nap? Do you believe it? And how about Ten Well-Known One-Eyed Persons in History? Marconi? And Rex Harrison? I'd never heard *that*! Or that John Stuart Mill had an IQ estimated to be 190, whilst poor Cervantes is estimated at a dull 105? So how come he wrote all those famous quotations? Lots to disbelieve, brood over, and enjoy.



The World Is His Oysterville

Willard R. Espy, the author of *Oysterville* (Clarkson N. Potter, May 11, $12.95), loathes oysters: ". . . during my childhood I was so sated with oysters on the half shell, oyster soup, oyster stew, baked oysters, and, if memory serves, even oyster pie, that I have not been able to swallow one of the odious bivalves since." Espy's grandfather had founded Oysterville, on the Washington coast, and prospered while the oyster industry flourished. When it sank, the town and family sank with it to subsistence level. "The myth of our wealth was simply persistent, like the rain. We Espy children . . . considered ourselves a special sort of rich people—the sort without money. I sometimes think of myself that way still." These are rich reminiscences, full of eccentric characters, colorful history, and just plain fun. I like Papa, who, when indoor plumbing at last came to his home, nevertheless automatically donned his hat before going to the bathroom. Espy talks of outlaws, oyster poachers, and preachers—and Indians, the Siwash, whose language infiltrated Espy's vocabulary so that to this day "I still require an effort of will not to say potlatch for gift." More about language:

Siah, meaning far off, was an adaptable word; to increase the distance one simply lengthened the second syllable to suit: a one-syllable siah, say, for an interval of a hundred yards; sia-ah for half a mile; sia-a-a-a-ah for ten miles. Totoosh, admirably evocative for breasts, has never caught on in English. Onomatopoeia was common in Chinook; heehee, kahkah, kwehkweh, tiktik, and tintin stood respectively, as scarcely needs saying, for fun (or joke); crow; duck; watch; and bell.

Overrated and Underrated

A few issues back I reported on the overrated and the underrated in the literature of the past 75 years. It makes a nice game. "Who's overrated?" I asked the poet Carolyn Kizer. "Anais Nin," she shot back. "A case of overweening narcissism. She went about with a group of sycophants—Anais and her Ninnies." For underrated, Miss Kizer nominated the English novelists Dorothy Richardson, Olivia Manning, and Henry Green. And among poets, too many, but off the top of her head she named Ruth Pitter and Charlotte Mew. A reader, Janet B. Fisher, wrote in, taking exception to the notion that Tolkien is overrated. People who don't appreciate fantasy, she commented, "have something left out of their makeup—perhaps that sense of wonder which is not only reserved for children?" ◉

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Nureyev Leaps into Film as Valentino

by Walter Terry

"I AM very pleased with me," chuckled Rudolf Nureyev. It was not Nureyev, the world-famous dancer, who was speaking; it was Nureyev, novice actor, on the threshold of what may prove to be a new career. We were on our way to Liverpool from the seaside resort of Blackpool, where Nureyev was working on location as the star of the new Ken Russell movie, *Valentino*. On that dark and rainy night in Nureyev's chauffeured limousine, between two cities, I listened avidly to a genuine superstar—the designation might have been coined for him expressly—who midway in his dazzling orbit (he is thirty-nine) finds himself between the two theatrical worlds of dancing and acting.

"Finds himself," however, is hardly the accurate expression. For Nureyev is exactly where he planned to be: at the top. The inexorable climb began almost 30 years ago in the village of Ufa, near the Siberian border, when a lad of Tartar heritage hoisted himself onto a wagon with other young folk dancers to perform in the streets of his hometown. Later, he peptalked his way to Moscow as a replacement in a Bashkir festival group, from there bought a one-way ticket to Leningrad, achieved a blazing reputation with the Kirov Ballet, then grabbed a split-second opportunity while his troupe was performing in Paris to dash into the arms of the French police and ask for political asylum. It was all calculated. Rudolf Nureyev knows, and knew, exactly what he wants and exactly how to get it.

Whether the highly controversial Ken Russell has or has not come up with a success in *Valentino* won't be known until the movie has its world premiere at Cannes next fall. But whether it turns out to be a triumph or a failure, or something in between, the experience itself is certain to be of immeasurable significance in the professional life of an artist who has been for many years the greatest single box-office attraction in the world of ballet. Nureyev is not about to give up dancing for a career as an actor, but it is apparent that he is

" 'We have one very important thing in common—we are both great stars.' "

Movie Star News

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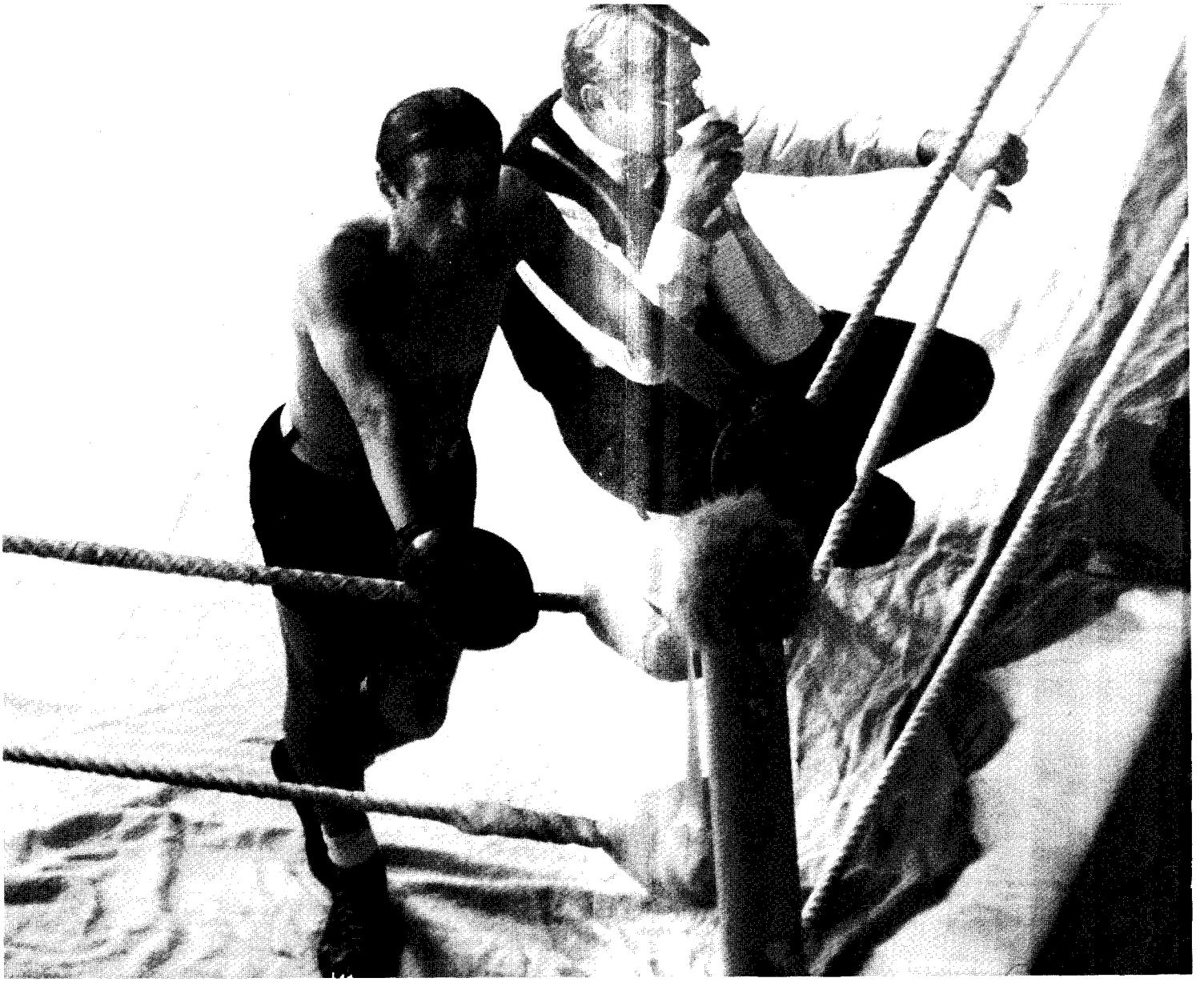

Echave & Associates

Said a Hollywood stunt man and boxing coach of Nureyev: " 'He'd make a good boxer, a really good one.' "

now paying increasing attention to drama in its widest application. "I do consider," he told me, "that I am endowed with a very great talent as a dancer and it is not something you can chuck around." But the program for his recent season of concerts (billed simply as NUREYEV) was composed of three dramatically taxing ballets, with not a single classical solo or pas de deux. Furthermore—and one would be tempted to say "in an unguarded moment" except that Nureyev is always alert to the purpose of his remarks—he mentioned that he is designing the role of Romeo in his new staging of *Romeo and Juliet* for London's Festival Ballet so that it will continue to serve him as a vehicle in the long years ahead. In contrast, the choreography for his celebrated portrayal of Romeo in the Kenneth MacMillan version for the Royal Ballet (in which he made stage history with Margot Fonteyn) is physically demanding and youthful, almost boyish, in conception.

Movie roles are hardly alien to Nureyev, but to date he has appeared solely as a dancer. Indeed, when Ken Russell originally offered him a role in *Valentino*, it was for a cameo as the greatest male dancer of an earlier era, Vaslav Nijinsky. Nureyev hesitated about tying himself down. "I was working at the Edinburgh Festival, then I went to Spain with the Scottish Ballet, and after that came Amsterdam and a long tour. I was concerned about taking a long leave of absence from the stage. Also, I did not feel well at that time. I don't know, but I think the pneumonia I later got may have been creeping up on me at that time." While he was weighing the pros and cons, Nureyev got another call from Russell, this time with a much more daring proposal: Would he take on the part of Valentino? "My first reaction? I thought, 'Three months without dancing!' I began to argue about the amount of days it would take. But because I didn't feel well it helped me make up my mind. I thought I'd take a rest from dancing. I'm glad it happened that way."

The film went into production last August, and Nureyev immediately warmed to the challenges it raised. "I'm glad the film has a large range. You say it gives me scope? It does! As Valentino I play different situations under different stresses. I play not only Valentino but also I do some of his roles in *The Sheik*, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, *Blood and Sand*—I'm in the corrida killing the bull—and even early slapstick comedies. It's a good showcase for diverse talents!"

Among the surprising diversities re-

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quired of Nureyev was that of a boxer. While on the set with him at Blackpool, I watched him do a scene in which Valentino, accused of effeminacy, enters a boxing ring before a vast audience and knocks out his opponent. I was amazed at Nureyev's performance as a boxer. Gone was the elegant, vulnerable stance of the *danseur*, gone were the open-chest, full-flowing movements of the ballet artist. Here was a wary crouch, the graceful port de bras replaced by swift jabs, the feet parallel instead of turned out. "One would think being a dancer would help," he told me later, "but basically a dancer is very light, very lightweight, and boxing needs weight as a force behind a punch." Nureyev's coach for this sequence was George P. Wilbur, a member of the Stuntmen's Association, brought from Hollywood to teach the dancer how to box or at least how to look like a boxer. Wilbur was amazed by his pupil. "He'd make a good boxer, a really good one. He learns fast. Show him something just once; he practices it twice, and he's got it."

For Nureyev, the *Valentino* project was a way of determining his own acting potential. His hesitation about playing the role of Nijinsky (subsequently performed by the Royal Ballet's *premier danseur*, Anthony Dowell) was not based entirely on the time factor of being away from dancing on the stage. "If I had played Nijinsky," he told me, "I probably would have been too partial—and probably quite difficult to direct!—because, being a dancer, I already had a soft spot for him. But now, though I admire Valentino, there is no such soft spot. From the beginning, I didn't want to have any preconceptions of Valentino. I wanted to be as open to Ken's direction as possible."

Nureyev, of course, was well aware that the physical resemblance between Valentino and himself was practically nonexistent. "He was Italian. I'm a Tartar." And he added, "But we do have one very important thing in common. . . ." The limousine turned into honking traffic just then and I'm not certain I heard each word, but I think he said, "We are both great stars." Certainly, his personal approach to the part of Valentino—Russell's direction aside—is straightforward, clearly thought out, and wherever possible related to Nureyev's own experiences as a performer. "You can't pretend that you are going to be Valentino or convince anyone that you are him. You think, 'What would I do *if* I were Valentino?' in this or that situation and that's how you *play* it, reacting to each scene and challenge."

Studying the old Valentino movies closely, Nureyev quite naturally sought his first link with the movie star in movement terms. "If you see his films, you see a great plasticity in his movements. It's a kind of cantilena, the way movement flows from one part of the body to the next, the way he projects movement. I give him more credit than most critics did. They seemed to think that all he could do was growl, sneer, glare, and flare his nostrils, but I daresay his acting was more than that. In *Monsieur Beaucaire* he had his most difficult assignment. It was both exacting and exciting, with many changes in mood and changes in characterization from poet to rogue." It's likely that Nureyev was drawn to this particular Valentino film because of his own great ballet role as Basilio, lover and clowning barber, bumpkin and prince, in the Cervantes-inspired nineteenth-century ballet classic *Don Quixote*, which Nureyev restaged for the Australian Ballet and which was made into a feature-length film praised by dance and movie critics alike.

Nureyev's perceptive powers in areas not immediately connected with his own art were apparent not only in his quick and easy mastery of the sport of boxing but also in his penetrating analysis of Valentino's acting. Aside from the "cantilena" description of Valentino's movements quoted above, he explained to me in some detail what he had observed in watching the old films. Between takes on the *Valentino* set in Blackpool, in the car en route to Liverpool, and in the hour-long ballet workout he gave himself daily in an empty banquet hall during the lunch break, he illustrated bits of gesture, a stance, a way of phrasing that he had noted in Valentino's acting. It was fascinating to see a glance spread from the movement of an eyelid down through cheek and neck to the shoulder and then, ever so subtly, continue down an arm and resolve itself in the most sensuous gesture imaginable.

Later, back home, I saw a Valentino documentary on television and experienced chills as I discovered Valentino through Nureyev's eyes. For the first time I, too, saw beyond the glares and the flares to the art of a truly accomplished and

Nureyev as a clowning barber in the feature ballet film Don Quixote.

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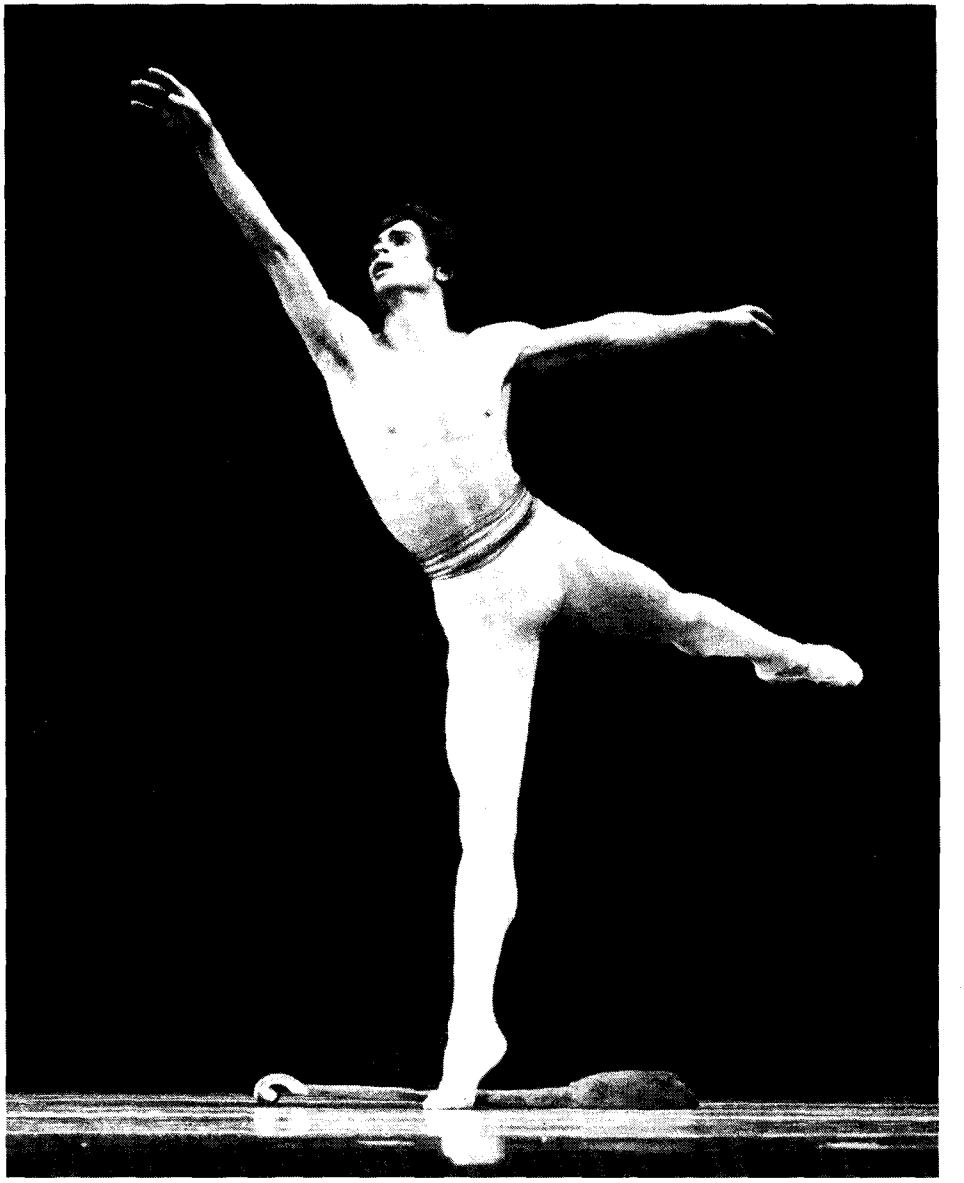
sensitive actor whose gestures were as eloquent as his face.

Nureyev, however, had been careful not to bring too much of dance to bear on his acting assignment. "It is dangerous," he said, "to bring the dancer's musical phrasing into acting—the whole thing might become too rhapsodic! But the dancer's sense of rhythm and sense of pause are right, because to the actor's movement you bring your own rhythmic experiences. Playing Valentino, I am not thinking, 'I am a dancer and I'm going to do this and that,' but I am thinking that I am acting and I will use my knowledge, my experience. Watching myself on the video tapes, I've learned that it doesn't matter so much just how you speak or what you say but that movement must never falter.

"You ask if this acting experience will be usable to me as a dancer? The obvious gain is that I'm doing all kinds of dances like the tango, the shuffle, tap dancing. But I'm also learning more about gesture, a different kind of gesture from ballet. Most of the time in ballet you try to find justification for a given movement and you ask the choreographer his intent. In movies the movement is an accompaniment to the spoken word, and the meanings, therefore, are clear. This experience I can bring back to my dancing."

I asked about his doing further acting or even trying his hand as a director. "That is premature," he said. "If the Valentino film is good, a success, I hope it will open more and different doors. I'm game! I haven't seen myself yet in the complete picture, but seeing myself in the short takes on the video tape, I see that my movements are right, and I discover, too, that I have a talent for projecting myself through speech as well. So I'm pleasantly amazed!"

On the way back to Blackpool from Liverpool, where we had gone to see a performance by London's Festival Ballet, we stopped at a charming English inn for a midnight supper. The owners put up a table for us right in front of a roaring fire, and, among other delicacies, we had baby shrimps and dover sole, which Nureyev's driver had ordered by phone as we left Liverpool and a mass of autograph seekers. We talked about the movie and about Nureyev's increased interest in dramatic ballets—for example, his portrayal of the Revivalist in Martha Graham's *Appalachian Spring*, and the role of the Reverend Dinsmore, which she created especially for him in *The Scarlet Letter*. He told me then about the program he would bring to Broadway—a program without even one classical dance for his fans. But whenever it seemed as if I were trying to find out whether acting, either as a speaking performer or as a purely dramatic dancer, would replace the role of *premier danseur*, he would turn on that sly boyish grin and chuckle. "I know what you're after, but I know, too, that although I like acting and I do want to do another film, my first and foremost devotion is to dance. But if another film and a director interest me, why not? However, the schedule must work so that movie time is balanced with my concerts."



L. D. Vartoogian

" 'I like acting, but my first and foremost devotion is to dance.' "

The concerts, the guest appearances, the repertory seasons take him from troupe to troupe around the world. He drives himself remorselessly but one is aware of his dance necessity. I remember once he laid his hand on my shoulder after he had given a brilliant but exhausting performance: "There is so little time," he said sadly.

Nureyev—his friends call him "Rudolf" and not the "Rudi" the columnists chat about—remembered that I had done one of the first (maybe the first) interviews with him when he arrived in America in 1962. I told him that I still had some unused notes from that initial encounter. "My God! What did I say? Burn them!" he cried. But I don't think he'll mind my repeating the words he uttered at twenty-four: "Even abstract ballets tell a story, the story of the body, for the body must speak." Fifteen years later, Rudolf Nureyev has simply extended that magical eloquence with which he has always been endowed. ◉

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Artsletter

The Heritage of "Royal Heritage"

by Roland Gelatt

IF DIRECTORS of television enjoyed the réclame of movie directors, Michael Gill would be as much a household name today as Ingmar Bergman or Alfred Hitchcock. Gill is a producer-director of documentaries for the BBC and the man responsible for two of the most lauded series in television history: *Civilisation* (with Kenneth Clark) and *America* (with Alistair Cooke). Recently he has completed another major production: a series of nine programs entitled *Royal Heritage*, which illustrates the personalities of Britain's monarchs over the past 900 years through the edifices they built and the art they collected. British viewers are watching it this spring (the series constitutes the BBC's chief obeisance to the Queen's Jubilee) and American viewers can expect to see it later in the year.

Gill was directing one of its last sequences when I met up with him a few weeks ago in the library of prints and drawings at Windsor Castle. This is a sanctum strictly off limits to the casual sightseer, and no wonder, for within its glass-enclosed cases stand row upon row of stout buckram portfolios labeled Bernini, Canaletto, Michelangelo, Rubens—a priceless cache of royal heirlooms. When I arrived, Gill was looking over a small pile of naval prints that had been laid out on a table. He is fiftyish, rather tall, with wavy silver hair, a winning smile, and the air of a man who doesn't get easily rattled. Certainly he seemed the picture of composure that morning, despite the fact that he was less than two months away from air date without one of the nine programs yet fully completed.

While the crew began setting up equipment, we repaired to the quiet of an adjacent office. Our conversation drifted inevitably to *Civilisation*, the world-acclaimed production that established Gill as probably the most inventive documentary producer of our time. Its genesis is shrouded in the somewhat conflicting memories of several key participants, but it is clear that a major role in its conception was played by Huw (now Sir Huw) Wheldon, one of the high eminences at the BBC during the past quarter-century. The genealogy stretches back some 20 years, to the time when Wheldon initiated a weekly television "magazine of the arts" called *Monitor*, for which he was both editor and presenter. *Monitor* broke new ground in the techniques of television presentation, and it provided training for an entire generation of BBC people, among them Michael Gill.

By the mid-Sixties, Wheldon had risen in the BBC hierarchy to controller of programs. The time was ripe to carry his "magazine" concept one step further. We talked about it when Sir Huw joined Gill and me in a Windsor pub later that day. "What I wanted to do," Wheldon said over a pint of bitter, "was to create the television equivalent of a book. I felt we needed a real author, a man of acknowledged stature to lend the authority that such an undertaking would require. After all, the congruence between the words 'author' and 'authority' is not entirely coincidental." Kenneth Clark, who had already made some appearances on *Monitor*, seemed a likely candidate. He was approached to write a series on the history of art. But Lord Clark had an even better idea: to trace the development of ideas through great works of art.

Michael Gill was put in charge of the project, and work started in 1966. Three years later, when the series was first shown, it became immediately apparent that a major breakthrough had been achieved in television technique. Gill's genius was to understand what creating the television equivalent of a book was all about: the author had to be constantly in the action. Instead of projecting a photo of Michelangelo's *Last Judgment* on the screen and recording the commentary in a studio, Gill put the commentator on camera right in the Sistine Chapel. Throughout the series, Clark confronted his subjects in their natural habitat. This gave a compelling sense of immediacy and continuity to *Civilisation*. It also made the production extremely costly. Another of Michael Gill's talents was to organize the logistics of this three-year effort in such a way as to stay within the BBC's budgetary limitations.

Midway in the project, Gill found himself in Charlottesville, Virginia, filming a

Michael Gill and Kenneth Clark—"The author had to be constantly in the action."

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sequence for the program entitled "The Smile of Reason." It was there that he conceived the idea of doing a large-scale documentary on American history, and this led to a meeting with Alistair Cooke and eventually to the series *America*. That was followed by a foray into China (*Times of Jade and Bronze*), and then—two years ago—work started on *Royal Heritage*.

THIS new series has none other than Sir Huw Wheldon (now retired from the BBC) as host and narrator. He is entirely responsible for the shooting script, though much of the basic research was done by J. H. Plumb, the Cambridge historian, who is credited as coauthor of the series. Like Clark and Cooke before him, Wheldon is tirelessly peripatetic, traveling the length of Britain (as well as to Normandy and the Loire Valley) to visit the many castles and palaces, both public and private, built by England's monarchs over the past 900 years. Along the way, he is joined by the queen and various members of her family—from ninety-four-year-old Princess Alice, the last surviving grandchild of Queen Victoria, to twenty-six-year-old Princess Anne. The star performer seems to have been Prince Philip, who drives one of George IV's splendid phaetons in the program devoted to that imaginatively acquisitive sovereign.

Sir Huw, a leathery, beetle-browed Welshman in his early sixties, arrived at Windsor toward the end of the morning, bearing the script for that day's shooting. He had written it the night before, following a long session with a group of dissident students from the London School of Economics, of which he is the chairman. After checking a few factual points in the script by phone, he had it written out for the autocue. Gill's team (the same crew have been with him since *Civilisation*) made their final preparations; then the lights were turned on, Gill took a quick squint through the camera, the sound recordist checked to make certain that the roar of a passing jet was no longer audible, and Sir Huw was given the signal to begin.

He improvises rather freely on camera and uses the autocue more as a kind of prompt than anything else. Several sequences were shot in various parts of the library. Then, almost before I knew it, the work was over, and we were ready to adjourn to that Windsor pub. It all seemed so effortlessly simple, but it was the deceptive simplicity of a Noel Coward comedy or a Scarlatti sonata played by Horowitz. ◉

The Movies

Anatomy of Terrorism

by Judith Crist

BRACE yourself for *Black Sunday*. It is, without doubt, the finest espionage thriller of recent years, that rare action-adventure melodrama that unflaggingly sustains both its suspense and the truth of its topicality while coping with characters as complex as its plot. The rarity for audiences, so jaded by the stereotypes, hardware, and cynicism that have become the hallmark of the genre, is that this film leaves them sated, exhausted, and, strangely, exhilarated, simply because its credibility is as penetrating as its suspense, its human aspects as involving as its technology.

It is an elegant and richly textured production, in the manner to which its producer, Robert Evans, accustomed us in his two preceding "personal" works, *Chinatown* and *Marathon Man*. The screenplay, based on Thomas Harris's best seller, is credited to Ernest Lehman, who did the first adaptation; Kenneth Ross, who did three subsequent drafts; and Ivan Moffat, who provided finishing touches. But the overall style—a vivid detailing of a variety of locales, incisive closeup vignettes, and a brisk pace and steady tightening of tension that nevertheless allow a remarkable penetration of the leading personalities—is obviously set by John Frankenheimer. The wunderkind of television's *Playhouse 90* set new standards for the political thriller with *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Seven Days in May* and sets still higher ones with this $7.8 million production. The climactic scenes alone, involving a giant doomsday airship approaching a crammed stadium with only a tiny helicopter in pursuit, are beyond compare for sheer cinematic and dramatic suspense.

The story, inspired by Harris's hard-news encounters as an Associated Press man, is of a Black Septembrist plot to initiate a terrorist campaign in the United States by wiping out the more than 80,000 persons, including the President, attending the Super Bowl football game in Miami. An Arab-German woman terrorist has recruited a disaffected psychotic Vietnam War veteran, a pilot employed at times to fly the blimp carrying television crews

Bruce Dern in Black Sunday—*"Erratic and volatile mania."*

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covering athletic events; together in Los Angeles they will develop and prepare an explosives-laden nacelle to be attached to the blimp and released over the stadium. An Israeli intelligence officer, however, has been on the woman's trail since a bloody Israeli raid on the Black Septembrist headquarters in Beirut yielded a tape she had made, to be broadcast after the bombing. The only clue the Israeli can bring to authorities in Washington is the terrorist's statement to Americans that "We have begun the year for you with bloodshed."

In pseudodocumentary fashion, Frankenheimer dates his scenes, from the early November raid in Beirut through the nerve-racking pursuit that goes back and forth from Washington to Los Angeles for the Israeli, Major Kabakov; from the terrorists' Los Angeles love nest-weapons factory to Long Beach Harbor for their smuggled explosives, to Arizona for a test-firing, and finally to Miami for their January 9 target date. The conspirators are always a move ahead of their pursuers; the innocent and guilty who cross their path are simple sacrifices—and the terror mounts because they walk the sunny streets always as part of the crowd, go their appointed ways in "ordinary" guise, accomplish their murderous work with social acceptance. Their nemesis, too, must act in the open, "play by our rules," as his FBI counterpart directs him—but his instincts and experience defy the inhibition.

There is violence—but it is to the point and to the truth in this bloody business. Frankenheimer and his excellent cast transcend chase-story rules from the start, with the personalities quick to emerge. Robert Shaw, in one of his finest performances, gives Kabakov a sophistication beneath the ruthlessness, a pragmatism to bolster the weariness, a dedication to withstand the sudden doubt about what "thirty years of killing and murdering" have achieved. "The trouble is," a colleague explains, "you've come to see both sides of the question." Bruce Dern, his talents given the range they so well deserve, is searing as the volatile psychotic, pouring out his grudges—medals earned as a helicopter pilot taken away when he was court-martialed for collaborating as a POW, the wife that divorced him, the fall from "hero" to outcast, the VA "shrink" routines. He is a man expert at his destructive craft, determined to "give this son-of-a-bitching country something to remember me by." His erratic and volatile mania is counterpointed by Marthe Keller's cool, controlled fanaticism, her beauty secondary to the calm, single-minded, robotlike determination of her every murderous move. The three bring us to the very anatomy of terrorism, to the terrible possibilities of personalities perverted by experience.

The supporting cast is excellent, with Steven Keats, Fritz Weaver, Bekim Fehmiu, William Daniels outstanding. Frankenheimer's triumph is the balance of detail that sustains the tension for the film's 143 minutes—a lonely watchman's babblings, a bellhop's knowing glance, the sun-soaked tourists-and-the-aging Miami atmosphere. There is the sudden spurt of violence to remind one of the deadly game at hand; the hairbreadth upsets of chases by car and by boat; and, above all, the subliminal hold the director establishes upon our empathies. The delayed delivery of a bottle of Scotch becomes as harrowing an exercise in suspense as the grand finale itself.

All these make *Black Sunday* more than a first-rate entertainment. It is, as all superior films are, a mirror of our time. So brace yourself: it is a frightening reflection.

Marsha Mason and John Beck in Audrey Rose—*"Dissertations on reincarnation."*

Based by Frank de Felitta on his novel, *Audrey Rose* starts out as a titillating little thriller, but after about 20 minutes it bogs down in a series of minilectures on reincarnation that wipe out whatever dramatic potential the story might have had. This is a disappointment primarily because the director, Robert Wise, albeit renowned for *The Sound of Music*, has such chillers as *The Curse of the Cat People* and *The Body Snatcher*, early on, and, more recently, *The Haunting* and *The Andromeda Strain* to his credit.

For tease, we see a woman and child killed in a car crash. Then we meet Marsha Mason and John Beck as affluent Manhattanites and devoted parents of an eleven-year-old girl. Suddenly they are being watched and followed by a mysterious stranger who seems oddly interested in their daughter, Ivy. The parents are hostile and frightened; finally the man shaves off his beard and invites them to a nice restaurant where he explains his interest: his daughter, aged five, was killed in that accident, trapped in a burning car, at 8:20 A.M. on October 3, 1965—and her soul, he declares, entered the body of their child, who was born at 8:22. The soul was "unready" and, he predicts, there's trouble ahead. Mason is interested and Beck is antagonistic, but they are called home by the baby-sitter. Their daughter seems possessed, trying to battle her way out the window; the mysterious stranger, however, calms her by calling her "Audrey Rose." And so it goes, with the stranger reappearing to calm the child from time to time, then kidnapping her and being brought to trial.

Those interested or believing in reincarnation may enjoy the dissertations thereon. Those interested in film will find only listless plotting, lack of resolution, and surprisingly dull performances by all involved. Mason, an accomplished actress, does little but gush tears (in complement to what appears to be the rainiest season in New York's history to give a spooky background to the goings-on); Beck does little but look belligerent; and the mysterious stranger, no less an actor than Anthony Hopkins, looks sad. Susan Swift makes Ivy a nice, attractive child, single or double-souled though she may be.

Wizards, the fourth feature by Ralph Bakshi, is also a disappointment, an 80-minute animation about a futuristic Tolkienesque world in which the good wizard, elves, and fairies combine to defeat the wicked wizard and his war machine. Bakshi, who dazzled us with *Fritz the Cat* and especially *Heavy Traffic*, and marked time with *Coonskin*, is still defeating Hitler, this time on a Disney level. His simplistic tale is barely sophomoric, its sweetness of tone in contrast to the harsh ugliness and relative sophistication of his animations. Subtitled "A Tale of Sword and Sorcery in the Year 2,000,000 A.D.," the movie tells of the journey of the good sorcerer, Avatar, with a "woman-child" fairy, an elf, and "a moron robot" to Scortch, the domain of Blackwolf, who has created an army of goblins indoctrinated by Nazi propaganda films. Despite a few dazzling and innovative effects, Bakshi's tale is attenuated and repetitious, without the satire, wit, or healthy outrage that distinguished his early work. ◉

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Theater

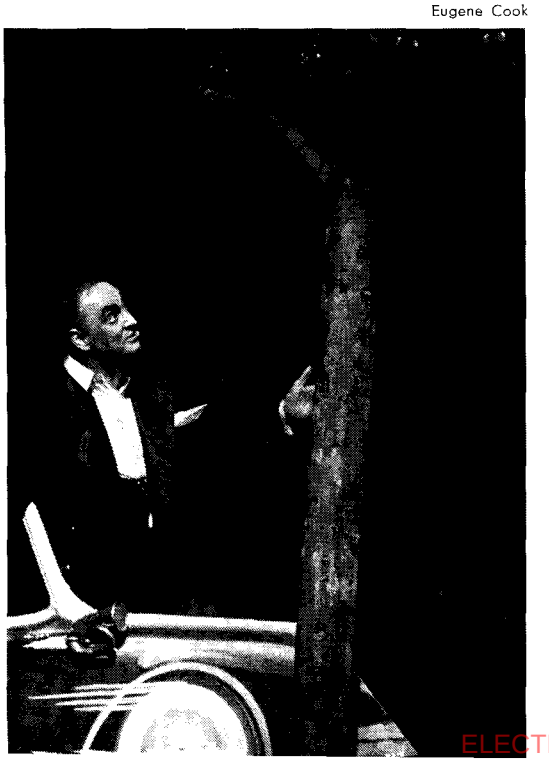
No Longer Waiting for Brecht

by Gordon Rogoff

THE territory charted in Bertolt Brecht's plays runs from one improbable country to another: Chinas, Russias, and Americas that are not found on official maps but are, nonetheless, more *actual* than the real places. Brecht's playwriting impulse, like Shakespeare's, was to trust the geography in his head rather than the transcriptions from dubious reality that are used by most playwrights. Hitler (Arturo Ui) in Chicago or St. Joan in the stockyards is not so improbable, after all; certainly no more so than the Moor in Venice or Viola on the shores of Illyria. The real Brecht had to flee the real Hitler by way of the real Finland, the real Trans-Siberian Railroad, the real Hollywood, and, finally, the real House Un-American Activities Committee. How easy it would have been for him to fulfill the prophecy of those who have scorned his art by calling him a didactic playwright. Instead, he remade the world into a stage populated by florid rogues, wicked charmers, and scheming survivors, most of them masters of argument and paradox. Brecht wasn't waiting for Lefty *or* Godot. He was waiting only for the rest of us to catch up with his racy dialectical express train.

Thomas Hill as Brecht's Puntila—"Loose-limbed, fiercely amiable."

Eugene Cook



It has been a long, exasperating wait. London and Paris saw Brecht's company, the Berliner Ensemble. New York did not. We were too busy fighting the cold war. After the company's 1956 visit to London, John Osborne declared that British playwrights would have to start all over again; and as we know, some of them did. Certainly, the effect of Brecht's spacious directing style and the alpine clarity of the designs he inspired were not lost on directors such as Peter Hall and Peter Brook. In New York, however, there have been few major productions of the major Brecht plays, and those we have had were about as genuine as the cheese with the paper between the slices: Broadway's *Mother Courage*, mistaking Brecht's simple means for simplicity; and Lincoln Center's bombastic *Galileo* and ponderous *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

We have always been on the wrong end of the distinctions Brecht drew (in his discussion about the theater called *The Messingkauf Dialogues*) between "*strong* and *crude . . . quick* and *hurried*, *imaginative* and *distracting*, *thought-out* and *concocted . . . contradictory* and *nonsensical*." Brecht's plays need time for rehearsal, which we have not; a dedication to ensemble playing, which we have not; and a director's commitment to the play rather than to himself—which we most often have not.

Yet, miraculously, New York recently had a strong and thought-out production of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, and New Haven had a quick and imaginative production of *Mr. Puntila and His Chauffeur Matti*. Neither was rehearsed sufficiently, and the acting companies were a long distance from any kind of ensemble, Berliner or otherwise. The intelligence and fundamental modesty of the directors, however, gave each production the kind of tonal clarity that has to be arrived at if Brecht's narrative sprawl and insinuating wit are ever to make sense.

Fritz Bennewitz was the director of *Chalk Circle*, presented briefly at the La Mama annex by TWITAS, La Mama's Third World Institute of Theater Arts and Studies, which has been sponsoring an International Theater Festival since March. Bennewitz, director of the National Theater of Weimar, developed his production of *Chalk Circle* from a six-week workshop whose participants—60 percent of them amateurs—came from the Philippines, the Middle East, Indonesia, and an America of Haitian, African, East Indian, you-name-it ethnic origins.

Brecht was always uncomfortable with casting to mythical type. His kings didn't have to be tall, his cooks weren't always fat, and his lovers didn't have to be beautiful. Bennewitz's company had the Brechtian advantage of looking like people, not like actors trying to look like actors newly hatched from makeup kits. Where they couldn't always supply refined technique, they supplied better and less common qualities: refined temperament, individual dignity, a patient use of time, and an unassertive approach to the audience. And where technique was abundant —as in Jamil Zakkai's bitterly humorous Azdak—it was never pushy or blasted. "The law must be administered with perfect gravity because it's so stupid," says Zakkai's mockery-judge. Zakkai was funny because he was so perfectly grave.

The design by Jun Maeda, the fragments of costume gathered by Beryl, the light by Chaim Gitter, and even the props shared similar commitments to usefulness rather than to display. Most of the color was in the faces of the actors. Against the huge white screen that partially covered the proscenium arch, they played on an enormous square-thrust that offered them depth and width. Alone, they were visible —no small virtue on our stages these days —and together, they looked sculptural. The music by Emelyn Gillick was a mix of percussive and lyric snatches, as functional and unassuming as all the production elements. Bennewitz had more money to spend on his Berliner Ensemble production of *Galileo*, which I saw in 1974, and his actors were definitely professional, but he didn't patronize his New York situation. What was evident in East Berlin was realized here: theater that is sharply and deeply felt, clean in its materials, fleeting on the tongue while poised in thought, respectful of irony, elemental and beautiful.

Ron Daniels's production of *Puntila* for the Yale Repertory Theater might have

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matched Bennewitz's achievement more closely had he been less in love with the carnival image he imposed on the play and more in love with the landscape play that Brecht wrote. All those decorations, flashing colored lights, and show-biz choruses threatened to trivialize the twisting humor of the play—a variant of Chaplin's *City Lights*, with its protagonist who turns into an animal when he is "totally and senselessly sober," but is a nice, vulgar, free human being when he's drunk. The actors swarmed through the aisles selling lollipops, and two of them played a brief scene between the "L" and the "A" of the huge PUNTILA sign hanging over the stage. Despite this gratuitous nonsense, the play found its levels and worked.

Thomas Hill's loose-limbed, fiercely amiable Puntila was surely one of the reasons. Nothing stood in the way of Brecht's lucid inversions. They could be heard, they were felt, and they were amusing: "The Attaché is a kind and intelligent man. You can't judge him by his looks and by what he says and does"; or "The Judge thinks he's in court because he's asleep"; or "What do you want to be sure for? You're not investing money"; or "Juliet's love for Romeo would be sorely tested if she had to darn his socks." These observations, like those of Azdak, need the air space that Daniels finally managed to give Hill and the other actors.

Brecht's unbalancing act—contraries threatening to topple over one another—can't survive too many directorial concoctions. For all their crudities, these two productions revealed the Brecht who has been waiting in the wings for too long in America; a Brecht who is political without dogma, theatrically rich without fuss, and serious without solemnity. ◉

Wit Twister No. 95

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 52.

Just back from __ __ __ __ of
Olympic lore,

Blonde __ __ __ __ plans another
holiday.

An __ __ __ __ of __ __ __ __
__ __ __ __ a world away

And calls "aloha" from a palm-
fringed shore.

Contributed by Edith Lodge, Norfolk, Va.

Music to My Ears

That Wicked Woman "Lulu," That Brave Man "Russlan"

by Irving Kolodin

THE problems and the pitfalls that beset Alban Berg's endeavor to make *Lulu*, derived from Frank Wedekind's *Erdgeist* and *Büchse der Pandora*, a performable work for the musical stage were inseparable from its effect as the last new production of the most adventurous Metropolitan Opera season in years. Only two of the projected three acts were finished at Berg's death in 1935; he never heard them performed, and the difficulties of range and flexibility he put upon the singer of the title role make it one of the most demanding of all soprano parts, therefore one of the most difficult to cast.

To say that Lulu as performed by Carole Farley flounced onto the stage of the Metropolitan is to say that the problem was only partially resolved. A properly improper Lulu might either slither or slink —she is referred to in the parody circus of the work's prologue as the serpent of its animal zoo—but never flounce. As a replacement for Teresa Stratas, who withdrew from the production when rehearsals were about to start, Miss Farley was more precisely director John Dexter's Lulu than Alban Berg's. Pretty enough and with a voice high enough (if not strong enough) for Berg's writing, Miss Farley was disposed temperamentally to be more ingenue than temptress. As a result, her fatal effect on the three men associated with her in Act I and the beginning of Act II was more credible in the script than in the performance.

Little in the allusion to Lulu's snakelike characteristics was carried forward in the action, which was, for the most part, tame and conventional. The lack of any indication of Lulu's mystical "earth spirit" (as *Erdgeist* may be translated) left unexplained just what there was about her that fascinated man in general, or the specific men who created the work, first as play, then as opera.

Certainly neither Wedekind nor Berg was moralizing about Lulu's violent end in terms of death and the wages of sin. If a central theme could be isolated, it could be that she was more corrupted than corrupter. Or as a famous interpreter of Wedekind's purpose once said, Lulu "became the destroyer of all because all destroyed her." That would include all the well-placed men who contributed to her evolution from flower girl to prostitute, men whose social stigma was greater than hers because they had the breeding and the opportunities she lacked. In a kind of cyclical sequence akin to Arthur Schnitzler's *Reigen* (filmed as *La Ronde*), it is the son of the man Lulu murdered who eventually becomes her preferred bed partner and companion in degradation.

This is all very far from *Hänsel und Gretel*, and so, too, is Berg's sometimes searing, sometimes tortuous tonal language, which is more eloquent in its orchestral than in its vocal dimension. His effort to evolve a vocabulary to express for Lulu the kind of compassion he had previously poured out for Marie in *Wozzek* was slow in coming (as he mentioned in a letter to his mentor, Arnold Schoenberg). It is only when Lulu asserts her

Carole Farley (Lulu) and Donald Gramm (Schön)—"Far from Hänsel und Gretel."

J. Heffernan

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possessive power over Dr. Schön (the publisher who found her as a child and taught her the unsocial graces for which she became known), forcing him to marry her rather than the respectable woman he prefers, that she also casts a vitalizing spell over the creative power of Berg.

Here, in Act II, as the scene darkens and the willful Lulu emerges as capable of murder, Berg's mastery of his new idiom swells in power and surrounds the stage in a way not present in Act I. Here, too, Berg's innate sense of tonality asserts itself to mitigate some of the harshness of the 12-tone doctrine as he had previously employed it.

Conductor James Levine and his directorial partner John Dexter deserve high praise for the manner in which they built the terminal scenes to a powerfully musical and dramatic outcome. They would have earned even greater thanks had they surveyed the total problem as productively from the outset, to give Berg the same sort of support where he needed it even more—early on.

Experienced theater man that he is, Dexter functioned at his best in tying together the loose ends of Lulu's decline as they remain in the two-act version. Not the least of these details was the flash of illumination that clearly identifies Lulu's killer as the reincarnation of the Dr. Schön she had killed. The shabby little London attic in which Lulu's life comes to an end was one of a series of well-designed, atmospheric, scenic vignettes created by Jocelyn Herbert in her first Metropolitan effort. The production scheme included the use of a forecurtain as a screen on which to display projections that did much to visualize what was not always clearly enunciated in the German text. Outstanding was the sequence of drawings (properly akin to the period style of George Grosz) that depicted Lulu's penal term for killing her "benefactor."

Victor Braun (Russlan)—"With an all-conquering sword for protection."

David F. Elliott

Of highest merit among the performers was Donald Gramm in the central role of Dr. Schön. He was admirably complemented by Tatiana Troyanos as a striking embodiment of the Countess Geschwitz, who provides a lesbian counterpart to Lulu's masculine love life. Also above average were Lenus Carlson as the Acrobat who fancies Lulu as his partner (professional) and William Lewis as Dr. Schön's son, Alwa, who succeeds his father as Lulu's partner (nonprofessional).

Sarah Caldwell (whose *Lulu* of 1967 included a younger Donald Gramm as Dr. Schön) made a new experience of the famous overture to Mikhail Glinka's *Russlan and Ludmilla*, its "Persian Dances," and a few familiar vocal excerpts by combining them with all the action and dialogue to provide a fanciful venture for the Opera Company of Boston. Taken together, the text, derived from Pushkin, and its musical elaboration amounted to something of a Russian *Magic Flute*. The brotherhood of Masonry that served Emanuel Schikaneder and Wolfgang Mozart so well has no part in *Russlan and Ludmilla*, but the brotherhood of man does, as the hero's bride is snatched from him by sorcery and he, aided by opposing kindred spirits, embarks on a long quest to win her back. The forces aligned against him are formidable, but with an all-conquering sword for protection rather than a magic flute, and a magic ring rather than a glockenspiel with which to subdue his enemies, the brave Russlan is finally reunited with the elusive Ludmilla.

The musical marriage of Pushkin and Russian folk music from which Glinka begot an example for generations of Russian composers to come was made magical by conductor Caldwell's reliance on a gifted, well-tried collaborator. This was stage director Caldwell, who gave fantasy and imagination to a theater (the Orpheum) that has scarcely a trapdoor to call its own. The scenic scheme of Helen Pond and Herbert Sen provided for bodies to be picked up and whisked through the air, thus lending credibility to the legendary powers of the infernal Naina, the supernal Tchernomor, and the eternal Russlan himself. Giorgio Tozzi was enlisted to begin and end the performance as Farlaf; Victor Braun was a commendable Russlan; and Jeanette Scovotti adapted her vocal command of Ludmilla's music, acquired from a production in Hamburg, to the English text.

For his first venture as opera producer for the Manhattan School of Music (of which he is now president) John Crosby, famous as creator of New Mexico's Santa Fe Opera, gave a promissory note on good things to come with a lively production of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's *I Quattro Rusteghi*. Crosby's hard-won knowledge was reflected in the niceties of judgment that joined the well-chosen work, with Imre Pallo as conductor and Louis Galterio as stage director, to a responsive complement of young singers.

The parodistic account (written in 1906) of Italian fathers seeking to marry off their children without consulting sons or daughters was made listenable and laughable by the intercession of wives, aunts, and cousins determined to give the young people a part in their lifelong decision. In the end, everybody wins, especially the audience exposed to the facility and wit with which Wolf-Ferrari spiked his musical concoction. Among the names to be remembered for future reference were Martha Page as the bride-to-be, Mikki Shiff as her mother, and Sally Jo Anderson as Felice. The evening's funniest moment came when Norman Large (Filipeto), masquerading in drag to catch a glimpse of his future bride, was, so to speak, unfrocked. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 121

(LEONARD) SILK AND
(DAVID) VOGEL:
ETHICS AND PROFITS

Unlike the European bourgeoisie, which has had to struggle for social recognition against the bitter opposition of the aristocracy . . . the top businessmen in America . . . did not go through a period of public disapproval as a result of their challenge to the *ancien regime*.

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Television

Two-Way Mirror in the Living Room

by Karl E. Meyer

THE American family spends nearly as much time before a television set as it does in bed—the accepted figure is that the tube is turned on for an average of 6 hours and 15 minutes every day in some 68.5 million American homes. We still don't know what this total immersion in a visual bath is doing to us. Does television foster illiteracy? Maybe yes, maybe no, depending on the authorities you quote. Ditto for its effect on our attitudes toward violence; the evidence is equivocal, though it does seem likely that youngsters fed a diet of imaginary blood can become more callous about the real article.

Yet there is a further dimension that has been little explored. To what extent are American families influenced by their fantasy counterparts on television? Do we pick up our cues for domestic role-playing from shows like *The Waltons* or the new ABC series simply called *Family*? Indeed, do we learn techniques of acting from watching professionals at work? (Years ago, in his novel *Fahrenheit 451*, Ray Bradbury took this notion to the extreme by envisioning a future in which reading was proscribed and everyone was forced to watch a daily soap opera beamed on a wall-size screen.)

These are some of the thoughts prompted by *Six American Families*, a fascinating new PBS series already under way that winds up on May 9. Produced by Westinghouse Broadcasting Company in partnership with two national church organizations, *Six American Families* is what its title proclaims—an attempt to portray the everyday life of six otherwise unsung but representative families in six different sections of the country.

Paul Wilkes, writer and reporter for the series, has described in a paperback book with the same title as the show (Seabury/Parthenon Press, $1.95) how the programs originated. He was asked by the United Church of Christ and the United Methodist Church to select six "typical" families and to spend at least a month living with and filming each of them, with the idea of saying "something thought-provoking about the state of the people of our nation."

To an extent, there was a bit of conscious central casting in the selection process. If you read carefully what Wilkes says about choosing the families, you'll notice that one criterion was that the candidates had to be people with whom an audience would want to spend an hour. Even so, the six chosen do seem fairly representative, ranging from a Polish-American blue-collar family in Chicago to a poor rural white family in Dalton, Georgia. (This last program, to be seen on May 9, is produced by Albert and David Maysles, of *Gimme Shelter* fame.)

It is precisely because the families are fairly typical that their poised performances are so intriguing. Their homes were turned into studios, lit with blazing lights; the participants were wired for sound; they lived with a crew of seven in cramped quarters and were followed even into the bathroom for their morning showers. (If anyone seems awkward and self-conscious before the cameras, it is author Paul Wilkes.)

My own impression, after seeing three of the programs, was that the families knew what was expected of them and performed accordingly. They appeared to be playing out stereotyped television roles in real life. Thus, there was a touch of *All in the Family* in the behavior of the Pasciaks of Chicago, and there were hints of *The Blue Knight* and *The Jeffersons* (for instance, in the comic in-law banter) in the Georges of New York, a family that comprises a black policeman, a working wife, and three children.

ANOTHER good example of what I mean is the program on the Stephens family of Iowa, upcoming on Monday, May 2, 8:00 P.M., EDT, on most PBS stations. Here are the Waltons in the flesh. Carl and Lois Stephens live on a farm in Villisca, Iowa, that has been family-owned for a century. Their six children include a married son working as a hired hand, a teen-aged boy who plays varsity football (and scores a touchdown for the camera), and a beguiling nine-year-old daughter who is in charge of feeding the chickens. All the Stephenses seem entirely relaxed, almost old troupers. Between family vignettes we get articulate instruction on farm economics. ("The Las Vegas gambler has nothing like the problems of a farmer," father Carl explains. "A farmer's got all the elements and everybody against him before he starts.")

The editing and camera work are superlative in all the programs, even brilliant in the instance of the Stephens family. Everything from the birth of piglets to the harvesting of grain springs to life on the screen with a sureness that reminded me of Liam O'Flaherty's work. Credit for the photography goes to Mark Obenhaus, who also filmed two other programs. George Moynihan was executive producer of the series, which has been underwritten on PBS by the Travelers Insurance Companies.

Moynihan is a veteran producer for the five Group W commercial stations on which *Six American Families* is also being shown. This unusual commercial-public partnership lends further interest to the project. It may foreshadow the kind of new production forms we need if we are ever to get out of the present programming rut. If my earlier premise is correct—that television is a kind of two-way mirror—the need for more diverse programming is **all the more imperative. Otherwise, the road ahead leads to *Fahrenheit 451*.** ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 82

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 55.

IWZ YDB FWC WDG TZDUBZK IC UZSTZRI WDG TDJK LP GCYZ-IWJBA BJRZ SCU D FZI KDP.

—LJTTJBAG

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Booked for Travel

Doing the Carter Walk

by Horace Sutton

WHEN President Carter decided to walk back to the White House following his inauguration at the Capitol, it was more than a populist gesture. He originated a style in sight-seeing sorties quite different from the traditional Tourmobile cruise of the Capitol, the Federal Mall, Washington Monument, and the Tidal Basin, with its splendid Jefferson rotunda and its memories of Wilbur Mills, two landmarks in the history of government.

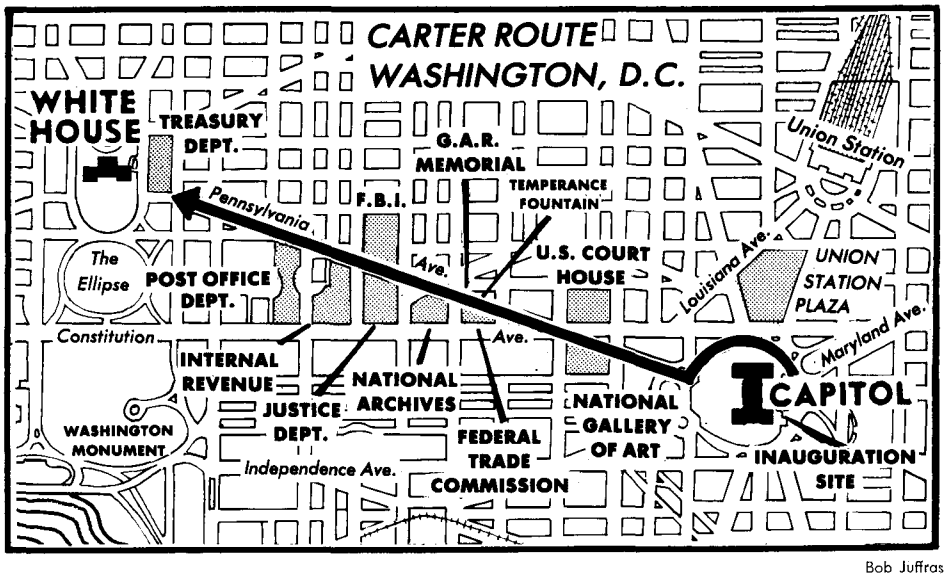
The Carter route was a straight ambulation down Pennsylvania Avenue that took him, and Rosalynn and Amy, through the heartland of federal masonry, old and new, past some relics covered with the ivy of forgotten history in the life of the Republic, by some seedy souvenir shops, and alongside some Washington institutions not on the usual tourist path.

To get off on the right foot, Carter had to turn around the Capitol grounds from the east portico, where the inaugural ceremonies were held, to the west facade, where Maryland Avenue comes in timidly from one side and Pennsylvania Avenue, much more boldly, from the other.

A visitor who follows in the presidential footsteps, as I did the other rainy day, will come upon elements of the National Gallery of Art, both the original edifice and the much celebrated new East Building. The National Gallery must pass for America's Louvre, but as national museums go it is young and new, having been opened only in 1941, launched by Andrew Mellon of Pittsburgh and steel, who gave it over a hundred paintings. Five of the treasures, among them works by Botticelli, Titian, and Raphael, had been acquired by Mellon from the Soviet authorities, who had liberated them from a czarist collection then in the Hermitage at Leningrad.

Across the street is the majestic U.S. District Court, which will stand forever as a Watergate memorial. Here Judge John J. Sirica sat on the bench and handed down the decisions that were to make a new sort of American history. Files and testimony of all those televised words—and some not televised—repose within those gray walls.

Up the avenue, the promenading Carters passed the strange Victorian decoration known as the Temperance Fountain. The "fountain" gives forth no water, although it is handy to a liquor store at Pennsylvania and Seventh. A neighbor in the same plaza, which may have raised a Carterian eyebrow, is the shaft that honors the Grand Army of the Republic.



Bob Juffras

Across the street, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Constitution are preserved behind the huge bronze doors of The National Archives, along with tons of census records, Army and Navy data, government films, and captured memorabilia.

Elaborate measures are taken to guard all the goods stored in this national attic, but there is the additional comfort of having the Justice Department (presided over by Carter friend J. Griffin Bell) next door and the mammoth new headquarters of the FBI across the street. Named for J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI command post welcomes visitors, escorts some 2,100 persons a day on 90-minute tours that show the bureau's efficiency in collaring bank robbers, spies, extortionists, kidnappers, and other unworthies. Watching the firing of ammunition at dummy targets is the half-pint's high point. Spent ammunition casings and bullet-pocked targets are often given as souvenirs.

Visitors who follow the Carter walk may wish to file their complaints at the Post Office Department, lay a wreath at the Department of Internal Revenue or at the foot of the statue of General Winfield Scott Hancock, the West Pointer who became a Union general, commanded a division at Antietam, a corps at Gettysburg, and the military area of Louisiana and Texas after the war. The Democrats nominated him for President, but he was defeated by Garfield.

Another general, Black Jack Pershing, who chased Pancho Villa in Mexico and took the AEF to Europe in World War I, stands guard near the National Theater. A landmark, and virtually an outpost of theatrical fare in the cultural boonies of the capital for a hundred years, the National, far from being buried by Kennedy Center, has been carried along by the rolling combers of cultural renaissance that have swept Washington. A traditional tryout station for Broadway, the National has entertained virtually all the Presidents of the last four decades, and at least one, Lyndon Johnson, appeared onstage, having been lured there, along with Lady Bird, by Pearl Bailey, then appearing in *Hello, Dolly!*

The Willard Hotel and the old Occidental Restaurant, both closed, both marked for destruction, both saved, at least for the moment, seem to exude too much of an air of history to be reduced to rubble. It was to the old Willard Hotel that President-elect Lincoln, with secession fever running high, was taken for safekeeping the night before his first inauguration. The

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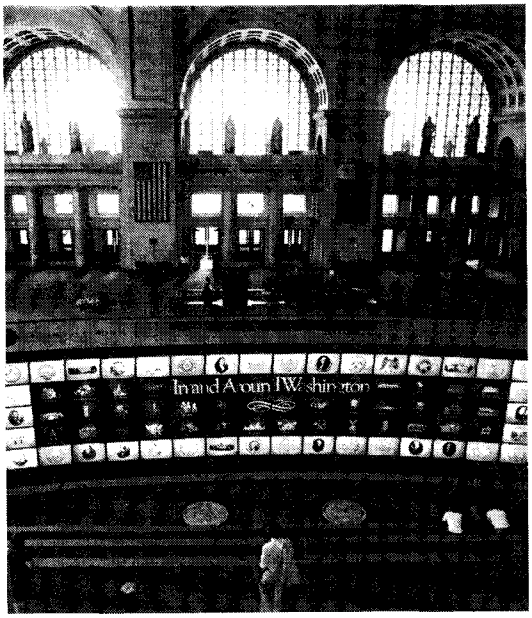

Union Station, renewed—"warmed-over palace of railroad's golden age."

present building, which was designed by Henry Hardenburgh, the architect also of New York's Plaza Hotel (still standing and healthy), became the epicenter of Washington social life. Calvin and Grace Coolidge lived here for two vice-presidential years under Harding, in rooms that cost $8 a day. As for the Occidental, it was the victual vortex of political Washington, as the Sans Souci was to become in the recent administrations. (The Carter court seems to prefer Nick and Dottie's Black Steer on Connecticut Avenue, next to the Sans Souci.) Loeb's Restaurant, at 15th Street, where Pennsylvania veers off to make room for the Treasury Building, provides visible evidence of a change in the city. Here, next to Keith's Theater, where for 18 years it has been serving pastrami and corned beef, it now advertises peanut soup.

To get to the White House, the Carter walkers had to detour around the Treasury, which, incredibly, blocks the straight-shot, orderly view that would have been possible from the White House, down Pennsylvania Avenue, to the Capitol. This had been the intention of Pierre L'Enfant, the French military engineer who laid out the plans for the capital city. The stories about the curious location of Treasury vary—and some may well be apocryphal—but there is little doubt that a contentious Andrew Jackson was the progenitor. One juicy version has it that Jackson, when he came to power, challenged the supremacy of the Congress over the three-branch government. To set matters straight, Congress denied Jackson sufficient moneys to refurbish the White House. When Congress voted funds for a new Treasury Building, Jackson, whose right it was to decide on locations of federal buildings, exercised his pique and plunked the Treasury Building where he (and no future President) would never have to gaze upon The Hill.

Scruffy souvenir stands, many of them openly selling fireworks, are sprinkled now all along the route of the Carter walk. Many of them carry a few items of Carteriana, but by far the best assortment of such souvenirs has been assembled by the Ben Franklin Society General Store, off trail on Connecticut Avenue. There one can find such treasures as a Toby mug with the face of Jimmy Carter, peanut tie tacks, peanut banks, maps of Plains, and Yo-Yos engraved "Plains, Ga., home of President Jimmy Carter." Much of the wares, including peanut butter and *The Peanut Cookbook of Plains, Ga.*, are imported from the Peanut Museum in Plains.

The Peanut Cookbook, Plains version, carries recipes for orange peanut-butter loaf and sweet-potato peanut cake, culinary delights that may not be adopted immediately by *Larousse Gastronomique*. A more ambitious volume, advertised heavily in Washington, is *The Carter Family Favorites Cookbook*, by Ceil Dyer (Delacorte Press/Eleanor Friede, 1977, $8.95). This expansive family scrapbook is larded with photographs of Billy Carter in a T-shirt; Jimmy at a fish fry; and Rosalynn Carter driving her golf cart with the fringe on top, Amy in the front seat drinking soda pop, past the Carter Worm Farm Office.

To get full measure of the book, it is necessary to be familiar with the family cast of characters, which is provided up front. That in hand, one will have a better fix when dealing with Annie Mae Jones's Spiced Pot Roast with Figs, Rosalynn's hush puppies, and Sybil Carter's summer squash. (Miss Lillian is only good at frying peanuts.)

Visitors who arrive in the new Carter Washington aboard Amtrak will find themselves well positioned to embark on the Carter walk. Union Station, which opens on the broad Union Station Plaza, leads to the north side of the Capitol and to Pennsylvania Avenue. Union Station will prove the initial surprise, for since July 4 of the Bicentennial year, it has been a National Visitor Center operated by the National Park Service. Cleaned up and sprightly, this warmed-over palace of the railroad's golden age has been sprinkled with galleries and with kiosks where visitors can find information on touring and lodging not only in Washington, but in the nation. A multiscreen film show of Washington is played on a giant tableau.

On inaugural night, Union Station became a ballroom for 22,000, an assemblage of the loyal visited by President Carter. During inaugural week, 500 square dancers performed in the vast halls, and the state of Georgia was given the honor of hanging the gallery's first exhibition.

Opened in 1907, and having undergone its first good wash in 70 years, the depot is now fit to stand as a triumphal archway, heralding the entrance to the nation. As the kids say, "Ta-*da*!"

Amtrak provides the only rail service into Union Station now, but the new Washington subway rolls into the depot, a splendid example of what an underground railway can be. Guards in immaculate dress ride the cars, and each station stop is announced in calculated syllables. "This is Judiciary Square," intones a judicial voice. At Dupont Circle, exiting passengers are shot skyward on what was thought to be the world's longest escalator until a contradictory voice from Moscow protested. The Soviets say *they* have the longest. Ta-*da*! ◉

Annie Mae Jones's
Sweet Potato Soufflé

4 medium sweet potatoes, about 2 pounds
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter, at room temperature
2 egg yolks, beaten
¼ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
2 egg whites

Preheat oven to 400° F.

Cook the potatoes in boiling water to cover until tender, then slip off the skins and mash the potatoes until smooth. Add salt, sugar, butter, egg yolks, orange juice, and orange rind; blend well. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into potato mixture. Spoon into a well-buttered 1-quart soufflé mold or casserole and bake in preheated oven for about 35 minutes, or until puffed and lightly browned. Serves 6 to 8.

From *The Carter Family Favorites Cookbook*
by Ceil Dyer
Delacorte Press/Eleanor Friede
1977, $8.95

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Fad, Fashion, and Style (Cont'd)

In *SR*'s issue of February 5, 1977, we ran a short essay by William Fine in which the author defined the differences between fad, fashion, and style and offered three dozen examples. We invited readers to participate in what had become a sort of office parlor game. The result was a blizzard of responses that included a myriad of examples, assorted essays, definitions, and comments ranging from "I loved the article" to "intriguing" to "fun," as well as a grouchy note that said, "Your article interferes with intellectual thought." It didn't interfere with intellectual thought on the campuses, however. At least five college and high school educators, from Pennsylvania to California, used Fad, Fashion, and Style as a class exercise.

Here is a sampling of offerings from classrooms and parlor-game players alike:

	Fad	**Fashion**	**Style**
Tarrant County Junior College Fort Worth, Texas	living together Brittany spaniel macramé condominium Minicam live	courtship Irish setter needlepoint apartment Minicam	marriage English pointer quilting house video tape
Pennsylvania State University University Park, Pa.	Mark Fydrich Earth Shoes Alex Karras Barbara Walters	Tom Seaver desert boots Howard Cosell Dan Rather	Cy Young Wallabees Frank Gifford Walter Cronkite
Oak Park and River High School Oak Park, Ill.	gingko *Jaws*	birch *The Godfather*	oak *Gone with the Wind*
Elizabeth Walsh Bisbee, Ariz.	CB	ham radio	tête-à-tête
Harriet Stolorow Jackson, Mich.	Charlie Chicken in a Biskit	Ma Griffe Ritz Crackers	Joy Triscuits
Rona Abbott Seattle, Wash.	pun erroneous zone Bic Gucci	anagram neurosis Pentel Pucci	palindrome eccentricity Sheaffer Ricci
Anita Nelson Ann Arbor, Mich.	drive-in church SST	Plains Baptist jet	Chartres Cathedral monarch butterfly
M. E. Mortensen Tobyhanna, Pa.	Claes Oldenburg stagflation Werner Erhard	Alexander Calder recession Sigmund Freud	Auguste Rodin depression St. Paul
Margaret Kinsey Lamesa, Texas	Farrah Fawcett-Majors Bic Bella Abzug	Faye Dunaway Cross Barbara Jordan	Katharine Hepburn Sheaffer Ella Grasso
Lloyd Snook (no address)	*Psychology Today* Earth Shoes *The Hite Report*	*World* hiking boots *The Joy of Sex*	*Saturday Review* penny loafers *The Kinsey Report*
Keith Stetson Danbury, Conn.	astrology "To the best of my recollection" hedonism Rollo May	tarot "Possibly" decadence Sartre	I Ching "Yes" or "No" existentialism Plato
Mrs. H. K. King Depoe Bay, Oregon	1976 Billy Carter	1984 Billy Jack	1776 Billie Burke
Matt Rohde Horicon, Wisc.	Farrah Fawcett-Majors The Jeffersons super	Raquel Welch The Bunkers great	Mae West The Waltons magnificent
Judy Ceniceros Portland, Oregon	Seiji Ozawa est Mary Hartman	André Previn TM Mary Tyler Moore	Arthur Fiedler prayer Mary Queen of Scots

Continued on next page

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	Fad	Fashion	Style
Robert Cloud Bellingham, Wash.	Ken Stabler Gatorade Holden Caulfield 1950 Phillies Africa Gummo	Fran Tarkenton Pepsi-Cola Oliver Twist 1975 Reds Europe Chico	George Blanda Canada Dry Huckleberry Finn 1927 Yankees Asia Harpo
Kitty Mendenhall Overland Park, Kansas	Audi	Mark V	Mercedes
Carolyn Martin Gulf Breeze, Fla.	herbal air conditioners	Air-Wick	potpourri
Thomas A. Delong Southport, Conn.	Tiger Balm	Ben-Gay	Sloan's Liniment
Don Weekes Edmonton, Alta., Canada	Marisa Berenson	Faye Dunaway	Greta Garbo
Joann and Grace Budka Copper Center, Alaska	Steve Cauthen Farrah Fawcett-Majors	Sandy Hawley Elizabeth Taylor	Willie Shoemaker Glenda Jackson
Ann Brown New York, N.Y.	Amaretto	crème de menthe	Armagnac
Mark Heimerdinger New York, N.Y.	Massenet Pink Panther	Mascagni Road Runner	Mozart Bugs Bunny
Emmett Davis New York, N.Y.	Miami Great Western	Palm Beach Piper Heidsieck	Hobe Sound Dom Pérignon
Ann Veeder Charlotte, N.C.	Earth Shoes unironed frozen yogurt	loafers permanent press 31 flavors	wing tips all-cotton homemade ice cream
Mae Walker Knoxville, Tenn.	wrapper	kimono	caftan
G. Sharman Hollywood, Calif.	$E=MC^2$	$A=\pi r^2$	$1+1=2$
Chris Roth Scarsdale, N.Y.	Peter Frampton *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* *Welcome Back, Kotter* CB radio hang-gliding	Elton John *As the World Turns* *Sanford and Son* intercom parachuting	Bob Dylan *Search for Tomorrow* *All in the Family* shouting flying
Rose Crump Utica, N.Y.	snowmobiling hip-huggers tufted carpeting *Doctor Zhivago*	skiing jeans wall-to-wall *Gone with the Wind*	cross-country tailored slacks a few good Persians *Wuthering Heights*
Philip Jenkins Portland, Maine	skateboard Water Pik Edwin Newman	Frisbee electric toothbrush Thomas H. Middleton	stickball dental floss H. L. Mencken
A. Young Cambridge, Mass.	Kahlil Gibran	Lao-tzu	Plato
Nora Jean Smith San Diego, Calif.	Thousand Island	Roquefort	oil & vinegar
Joan Arner and Jane L. McCormick Bethlehem, Pa.	Boulez Stallone Macaulay	Bartók Hitchcock Gibbon	Bach Bergman Tacitus
Kristy Bennett Portland, Oregon	old English sheepdog	Afghan hound	English setter
Mrs. E. F. de Silva Oxnard, Calif.	skinny-dipping bra-less	string bikinis visible cleavage	Japanese public baths Vassarette's "Only Natural"
Cheryl Schoenberg Bronx, N.Y.	Granola Charlie Earth Shoes *People*	bran Chanel No. 5 Frye boots *Time*	wheat germ Jean Naté sneakers *Saturday Review*

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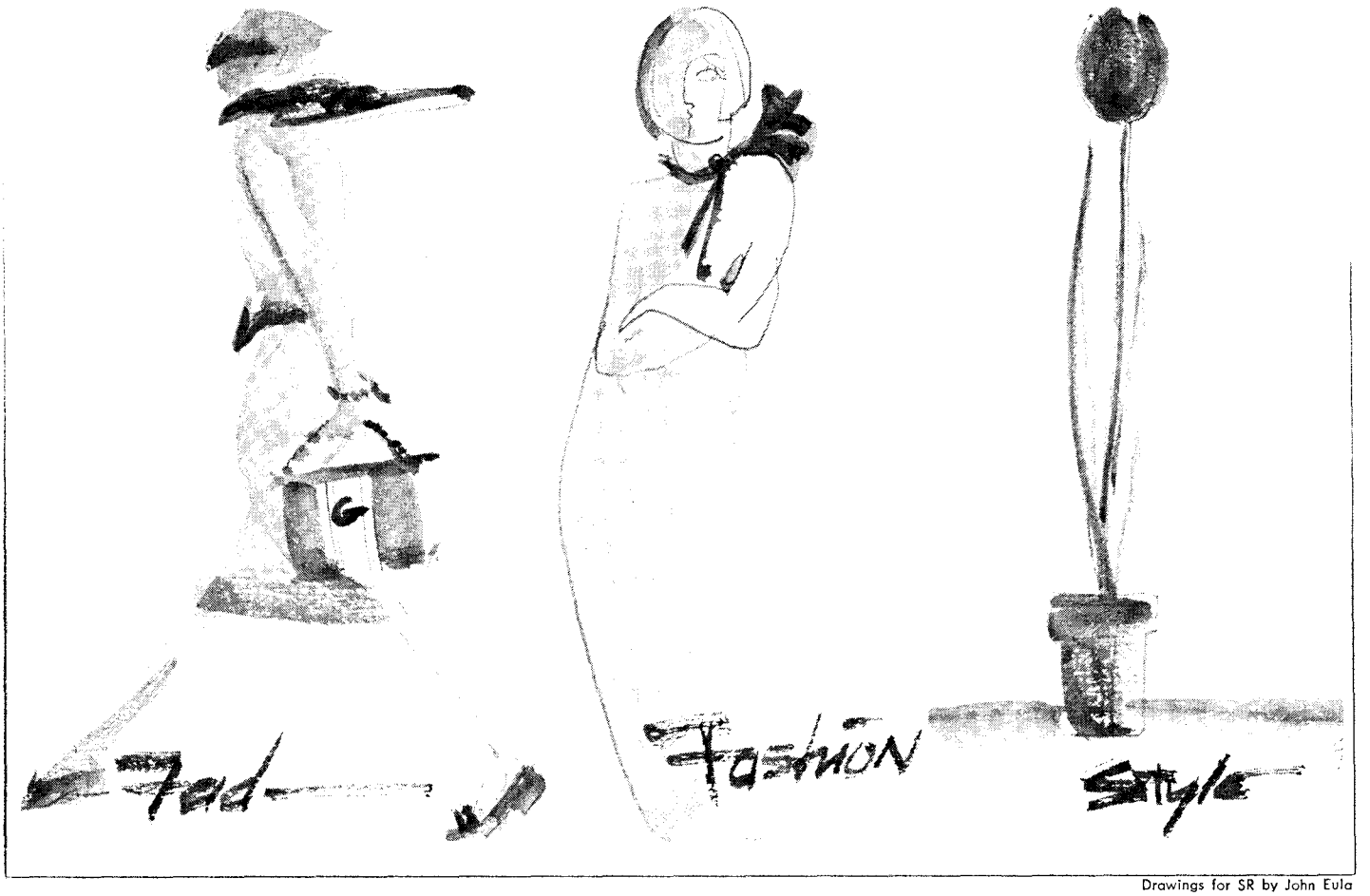

Drawings for SR by John Eula

James Batt Madison, Wisc.	Bella Abzug Baretta	Gloria Steinem James Bond	Eleanor Roosevelt The Thin Man
B. Kaffan De Pere, Wisc.	skunk tennis	mink tennis	chinchilla tennis
Arnold Malhmood Gaithersburg, Md.	Farrah Fawcett-Majors	Joanne Woodward	Katharine Hepburn
Michael Gurtman Storrs, Conn.	Werner Erhard	Carl Rogers	Sigmund Freud
Barbara Hull Atlanta, Ga.	*People* TM	*The Ecologist* est	*Saturday Review* Menninger Clinic
Henry Castor San Francisco, Calif.	Don Rickles chairperson	Buster Keaton chairman	W. C. Fields chair
Loraine Brown Albuquerque, N.M.	freeze-dried	instant	fresh-ground
Jack Pope San Francisco, Calif.	air kiss Dial-A-President	cheek kiss Dial-A-Joke	lipsmack Dial-A-Prayer
Laurel Corona San Diego, Calif.	Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.	John Barth	Vladimir Nabokov
Alan Sommerman Davenport, Iowa	one pierced ear Ciao	two pierced ears Thanking You	unpierced ear Sincerely Yours
Evalyn Owen Reston, Va.	Valentino	John Gilbert	Clark Gable

The last word goes to Al Kaiser of La Grande, Oregon, who said the feature evoked recollections of his father, who was, in Mr. Kaiser's words, "a toothpicker in public." He used a "retractable spear sheathed in a gold tube" and, in Mr. Kaiser's opinion, was a person who "picked his teeth with style."

—H.S.

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World Progress Report

Spreading Chestnut Trees

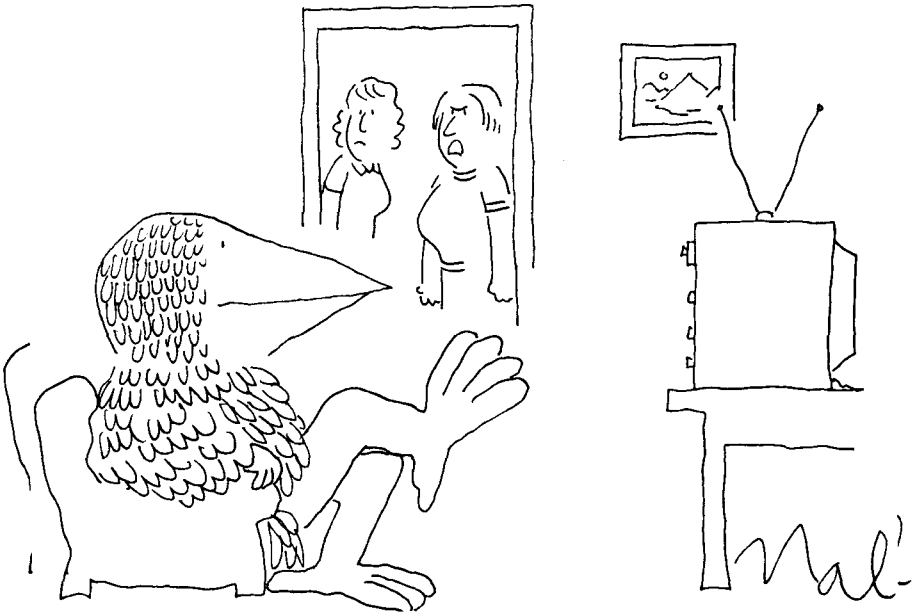
Few of us who are under the age of Social Security have ever seen a full-grown *Castanea dentata*, better known as the American chestnut tree. Once a leading citizen of the country's forests, the species was virtually extinguished over its entire range early in the century by a fast-moving fungus called *Endothia parasitica*—known popularly as the chestnut blight. The lethal blight spores would penetrate a tree's bark through the slightest break or cut, causing a canker to encircle the trunk and kill everything above the deadly ring. Often, the tree's lower trunk and its roots survived, vainly sending up generation after generation of new sprouts that were inevitably attacked and killed in their turn by the fungus, which left us only stumps and memories.

Recently, however, researchers at the Connecticut Agricultural Research Station in New Haven have discovered a treatment that may bring these memories back to life and enable the stumps of old chestnuts to give rise to viable new trees. The Connecticut treatment is based not on a chemical fungicide, but rather on another fungus, a less lethal, European relative of *E. parasitica*. Injected into resurgent chestnut sprouts growing from stricken trees, the European strain has succeeded in stopping the growth of active cankers in 86 percent of the treated trees. Evidently, for reasons that are not yet understood, the less virulent strain of fungus can control the devastating effects of its stronger American cousin.

Tests so far indicate that the European fungus, like its American relation, is partial to chestnut trees, leaving other species alone; but it remains to be seen whether the European fungus will spread of its own accord to blight-infected sprout chestnut trees, or whether it can be successfully injected by hand, tree by tree. All that is certain is that for the American chestnut, a species that had been written off as lost, there is at least new hope.

Survival Speed

Ever since the Arab oil embargo and the resulting gasoline shortage inspired a nationwide 55-mile-per-hour speed limit, the ingenuity of many hell-bent motorists has been expended on schemes for going faster than the law allows. Truckers have lobbied and caused traffic tie-ups in efforts to force repeal of the go-slow laws. Private motorists, emulating the drivers of the big rigs, have installed CB radios to avoid police speed patrols.



"Waldo . . . either I go, or that damn bird suit goes!"

Far less public attention has been attracted, however, to the considerable dividends resulting from reducing road speeds. According to figures from the National Safety Council, the lower speed limit not only saves gasoline, it also saves motorists, at a rate of 9,000 per year, so far.

According to the council's count, 55,511 people died in highway accidents in 1973, before the new speed limit went into effect. The number fell to 45,600 in 1975 and rose only slightly above that level in 1976, despite a significant increase in the total number of miles driven. In terms of fatalities per passenger-mile, according to council president Vincent Tofany, "this is the lowest death rate we have had in this country since 1923, when such records first started being kept."

Voices of the People

In order to dilute the well-documented, oft decried influence of industries and the professions on government regulatory agencies, Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr., of California has recently added to his state's regulatory boards 60 "lobbyists for the people." Drawn from many professional and personal backgrounds, the new appointees share a rare lack of connection with the industries they are to supervise. "I am convinced," says the governor, "that laymen who do not have the pedigrees and the certificates can still make the basic judgments."

Included among the new regulators are many appointees who were previously well-known to the regulated industries and professions as consumer advocates. Among the three new examiners of nursing-home administrators, for example, is a twenty-one-year-old college senior who has written a severe critique of San Diego nursing homes. Another appointee is on the staff of a public service law office helping senior citizens. The third is an authority on gerontology and geriatrics.

The Board of Funeral Directors and Embalmers now includes Robert Treuhaft, whose wife, Jessica Mitford, is the author of *The American Way of Death*, an exposé of grave faults, stiff costs, and extreme unctuousness in the funeral industry.

"You must ensure that all people of the state get a fair shake from those who have had the opportunity to attain some high level of skill or training," the governor told his new appointees. "Too often in the onrush of progress, in the division of labor —in the name of expertise, specialization, and professionalism—a great deal of privilege and restriction and monopoly has grown up." —ANTHONY WOLFF

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Top of My Head

White Is Not Beautiful

by Goodman Ace

GLAD tidings! About a remarkable discovery by your remarkable correspondent of a secret and untapped source of energy guaranteed to let you live in your home with all your creature comforts and without raising a thermostat or caulking a window—or your money back.

The revelation came to me on the second day of the Big Fallout, after I woke up and found that somebody had prankishly delivered and dumped on my front lawn three winters' worth of snow.

Later that day, a group of seven of us were huddled, entrapped in my 55-degree igloo, staring out the window, watching millions of snowflakes crazily dancing around looking for some tiny spots that earlier snowflakes might have missed. There weren't any. It was snow on snow. White on white—not one of my favorite color combinations.

"It seems odd to me," said Loretta, turning away from the monotonous scene, "that Mother Nature can turn out flowers in such gay colors, but she can't make snow in living color like on TV."

"Well, you know the old saying that Mother Nature abhors a vacuum tube," Ned said, to absolutely no applause.

"Not to change the subject," grumbled Joe as he changed the subject and poured his third beer, "but I'm glad they finally shot that Gilmore. He won't murder anybody anymore."

"Joe," said his wife, Loretta, "do you think that will deter crime?"

"It will deter Gilmore," said Joe. "And I say electric chairs for all murderers."

"I don't know," said Loretta. "I think that asking Con Edison to wire so many electric chairs when they can't get my one air conditioner working in Brooklyn is cruel and inhuman punishment, even for Con Ed."

"I think I'll have another beer," said her husband, Joe.

I sneaked a look at the thermometer. It had risen suddenly from 55 to 66.2. And it dawned on me that there are so many sensitive and divisive issues abroad in our land that a discussion of any one of them can heat a room anywhere.

AS THE discussion grew warmer, I excused myself and went to the basement to chop an armload of other issues. When I returned, I looked at the thermometer—72.4. My guests were still at it. "I suppose," said Harry, "you'd have been willing to give Gilmore amnesty."

"Or worse yet," said Joe, "maybe give him a pardon."

"Shut up, Joe," suggested his wife, Loretta.

"What's the matter with pardon?" said Elaine. "I notice President Ford began his presidency with a pardon to Nixon and ended it with a pardon to Tokyo Rose."

I laid my other issues before them, and I can report as follows: Sorensen ("My God, how he could be head of the CIA when the man says he's against war!"), thermometer was now 75.1; abortion got it up to 80; and when they reached "Women for Priesthood," I had to open a window a crack.

I slept fitfully that night, excited about my remarkable discovery. Finally, I dozed off dreaming that I had gone to visit Mother Nature. "That was some snow job you handed us," I said for openers.

"You deserved it," she said tartly, as she tended her summer flowers. "After all the warnings you've had about conserving energy, you're all still driving around needlessly in your cars and overheating your homes. Well, for two weeks you couldn't find or use your cars in the snow. I did it and I'm glad. Worked night and day with my helpers, Frosty, Sleety, Flaky, Slushy, Icey [his spelling, not mine], and even got Dopey on loan from the Walt Disney Studios. Everybody was making snow except the girl twins, Stalactite and Stalagmite. They just hung around the house buffing their icy fingernails.

"And now you, a consumer, come here to complain about our product. I don't remember anyone thanking me for the *light* snow I gave you the winter before last. The only thing I got that year was a nasty letter from a New York sanitation man who said I gypped him out of a lot of overtime money.

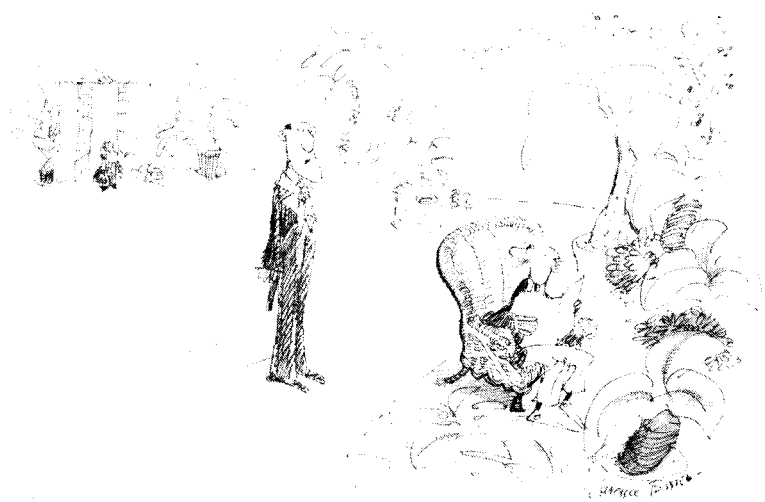
"Besides," Mother Nature concluded, "if that snowfall helps bring you people back to your senses and makes you conserve energy, you may think of it as a gift from Mother Nature."

"Fine gift," I said.

"Well, I always say it's not the gift that counts, it's the thaw behind it," said Mother Nature shamelessly.

That awakened me, and I made a note to send Mother Nature a Mother's Day card—"Thinking warmly of you."

PS: WARNING—Later analysis has shown that overexposure to my heated-issues discovery can develop a communicable chill between two people that even Mother Nature can't thaw: two weeks after the day of the Big Snow, Joe and Loretta were divorced. ◉



"The man is here to exorcise the aphids."

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Manner of Speaking

Mailbag: Sharing the Wealth with an Avalanche

by John Ciardi

A FEW columns back I listed some words and phrases whose origins had eluded me, and I asked *SR* readers for clues from their own reading. I have no hope of acknowledging personally the more than 400 letters I have since received. Many of them contained photostats of exactly the references I had been unable to find. I did, however, promise to share the wealth in this column, and that promise is to keep. Beginning now. Gratefully.

The Big Apple: Many readers insist that New York City's nickname derives from the Municipal Assistance Corporation, organized a few years ago to bolster municipal bonds. The acronym MAC, these readers argue, stands for "MacIntosh apple"—the big, red, shiny one.

It is a deft association, but a mackintosh, or macintosh, is a raincoat (invented by Charles Macintosh, 1766–1843). The apple is a McIntosh (after John McIntosh, who first cultivated it in 1796). And the term "The Big Apple" was in general use many years before the founding of MAC —first among Negro musicians, then among people in show biz.

Mr. Ed Symkus (whose letter bears no return address) cites orchestra leader Cab Calloway's book *Hi De Ho* (1938), which treats The Big Apple as a well-established term and defines it as meaning "the big town, the main stem, Harlem."

Mr. Symkus also cites Robert Gold's *Jazz Talk* (publication date not given), which fixes a New Orleans origin for the term and calls The Big Apple a translation of the Mexican-Spanish phrase "*manzana principal*," literally, "the main apple," but with the idiomatic sense of "downtown area, the main stem," hence "not out in the sticks."

To put a final polish on the apple, Mr. Charles Gillett, president of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, writes expressing his pride in having originated (circa 1971–1972) the campaign to establish "The Big Apple" as the official nickname of N.Y.C. It is, Mr. Gillett adds, "a positive upbeat symbol," and it has become "the most successful city slogan in the history of tourism." (Including "See Naples and die"?)

How do you like them apples? Thank you, Mr. Symkus. Thank you, Mr. Gillett.

Union Suit: I must assert to 54 *SR* letter writers that this "union" has nothing to do with the Union Army. "Union" here means simply "one-piece." I am grateful to many readers for photostats of turn-of-the-century Sears, Roebuck catalogs in which union suits (for ladies, too) are advertised as "the latest thing" (at an average price of about 42 cents each).

The clincher, however, was supplied by Elizabeth Huston of Paris, Illinois, who found in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, November 1897, an advertisement by Oneita Knitting Mills, Office No. 1, Greene Street, N.Y.C., for what was called a "Union Suit (Patented April 25, 1893)." Thank you, Mrs. Huston, for the defining fact.

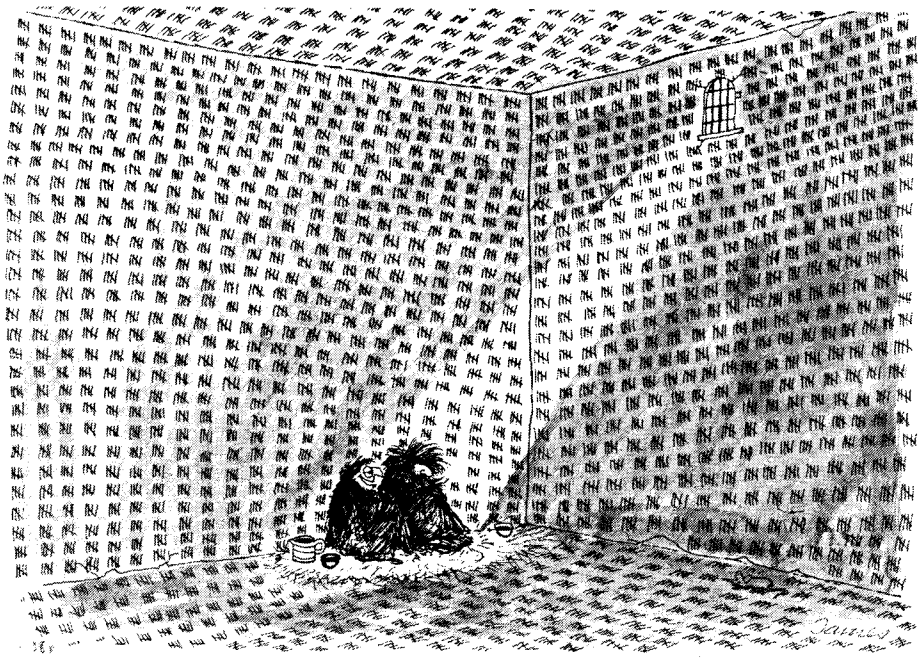
Lead-Pipe Cinch: As I explained in that earlier issue, "cinch" as "a sure thing" offers no etymological problem. The question I posed was, "Why is a 'lead-pipe cinch' a doubly sure thing?"

I cannot accept the suggestion made by many readers that the expression is borrowed from plumbers' idiom and refers to the fact that lead pipe is soft and will buckle if cinched tight. In plumbers' idiom, moreover, the pipe is connected by "wiping" (pouring in and smoothing melted lead). Nor did the term derive from the use of a length of lead pipe as a blackjack.

My own untestified-to guess was that the reference was to the use of a pipe in saddling a horse, and I am grateful to my good friend Miller Williams, who writes from Rome, Italy, to say that when he was a boy in Arkansas it was common practice to pass a short length of pipe under the cinch, then to turn the pipe as one turns the stick in a tourniquet, in order to draw the cinch tight, and to conclude by tucking the end of the pipe between the cinch and the belly of the horse —an effective measure and a necessary one against a horse that distends its belly when being saddled.

"Lead pipe," I take it, was generic for "pipe" in much the way that "red light" has become standard western and midwestern for "traffic light." (Where is the red light when it turns green?)

I take these etymologies (more of which will be given in the next column) to be conclusive. If people ask how I got so smart, tell them I did it by reading mail from *SR* readers. ◉



"Been here long, have you?"

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Light Refractions

A Few Unfortunate Couples

by Thomas H. Middleton

THERE'S a commercial on TV that starts with the following message crawling up the screen: THE WORDS YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR SHOULD ALWAYS BE THOUGHT OF TOGETHER. WHEN YOU GET THE FIRST ONE, TAKE THE SECOND. Then there's a shot of someone smothering a burp, and a voice-over says, "Indigestion." Next, there's a shot of a bottle of Pepto-Bismol and a voice-over saying "Pepto-Bismol." Then another person with another dyspeptic look, and again, "Indigestion" and "Pepto-Bismol."

That brought to my mind the frequent meaningless couplings of words (no offense, Pepto).

Take *life-style*. *Life-style* can be a useful term. I think I first heard it during the 1960s, when it referred to people who were living in communes, or who had gone "back to the land" or in some other way had broken away from the "life-style" of their families—the urban or suburban rat race—and taken on a new life-style of their own. But the other day, I heard a young man say that the course he'd taken in computer programming or something had been a major factor in his life-style. I don't think that makes much sense. I think he was so accustomed to the phrase *life-style* that it just didn't occur to him simply to say "life" and omit the "style."

A few weeks ago, when the Hanafi Muslims were holding all those hostages in the B'nai B'rith building in Washington, I heard a newscaster say, "The hundred-or-so-called . . . er . . . hundred or so hostages. . . ." Some mental apparatus set off "called" after "so." He caught himself, but it was an interesting instance of the pairing phenomenon.

A friend swears to me that he heard another newsman use the pair *rest assured* in the phrase "You can be rest-assured that the situation will get worse before it gets better."

The same friend asked me to consider *scintilla*. He asked me if I'd ever heard *scintilla* except in the phrase "not a scintilla of evidence." I couldn't remember ever having heard *scintilla* without *evidence* somewhere in the neighborhood. In fact, I had a suspicion that if I looked up *scintilla* in my dictionaries, those that gave examples of its use would cite *not a scintilla of evidence* (a scintilla of evidence is always what there is *not*; what there *is* is overwhelming or substantial evidence).

Random House said, "Scintilla . . . a spark; a minute particle; trace," and then, to my surprise, it said, "not the slightest scintilla of remorse."

Webster's New International didn't disappoint me, though. Both the *Second* and the *Third* say, "not a scintilla of evidence."

The *Oxford English Dictionary* takes us back a few centuries to a time before *not a scintilla of evidence* had settled in so comfortably. It cites, from 1734, "upon a Scintilla of Evidence" (not "*not* a scintilla"!) and, from 1851, "They are daring words . . . but they have a scintilla of truth in them."

There is no longer a scintilla of truth, of course. What there is is a modicum of truth.

THE judicial expression "released on his own recognizance" is now heard so often that last year when I asked a friend of ours if she hadn't needed help in moving a rather large planter over a space of about ten feet she replied, "No, I did it on my own recognizance."

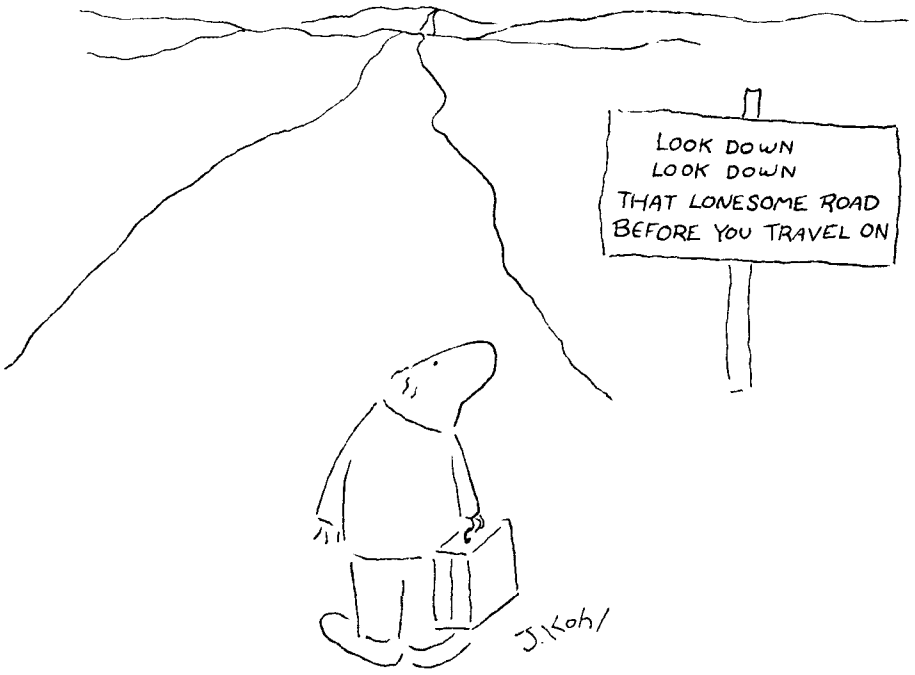
It seems that sometimes the tongue just keeps on going from force of habit. I saw Albert Finney in *Luther* on Broadway, and I remember telling someone I'd thought Finney had done a fine job as Martin Luther King.

There's a couple of pairings that get together from time to time, resulting in an unfortunate miscreation. The pairings are *as yet* and *as of*. *As yet* is frequently used unnecessarily. I think it should be used only when *yet* can't do the job. For instance, "We're not out of trouble yet" and "We're not yet out of trouble" are both perfectly clear, and there would be no reason to use *as yet* in either sentence. But "Yet we're not out of trouble" gives *yet* an entirely different meaning, and *as yet* would do the trick.

As of is an unnecessary phrase, but it's very frequently used. I can find *as of* in only two of my dictionaries, *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* and *Webster's New World Dictionary*. The best definition, I think, is in *WNWD*: "up to, on, or from (a specified time)."

Unfortunately, *as yet* and *as of* sometimes get together in people's minds and the outlandish result is *as of yet*, which I hope I'll never hear again.

But, restassuredly, I shall. ◉



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Busing *from page 10*

while he still believes busing "someday will be turned around," he no longer thinks demonstrations will accomplish that end. United Labor Against Busing is now relying on lobbying and legal action, including a constitutional amendment.

Many problems remain for the new Jefferson County school district. These include an overly generous policy toward student transfers, which thwarts the purposes of desegregation; the demise of interscholastic sports at some high schools; a chronic inability to meet the special needs of troubled black students; and an impending loss of federal funds to aid the desegregation process, funds that may not be replaced by the predominantly conservative school board. The eight-member board currently includes only one black, but others may be added in upcoming elections that will increase its membership to twelve. The school administration remains burdened with an inordinate number of high titled and high salaried subalterns—promoted by both districts in a pre-merger spree—and with an uninspiring, budget-oriented superintendent.

At a Washington meeting late last year, some 30 civil rights attorneys, policy analysts, and community leaders discussed the state of American race relations. The director of the Southern Regional Council, Peter Petkas, who attended the meeting, recalls: "Not more than six or seven of the group spoke positively about school desegregation, let alone busing, and all of them were white professional people. The blacks and Chicanos took the attitude that desegregation is no longer a top priority."

While that may be ironic as well as disturbing news to advocates of school desegregation, it is not likely to slow desegregation efforts or to make busing a less controversial issue. American society must finish righting a century of racial wrongs, and the public schools should play a key role in the process. If racial balance in schools is desirable, busing remains the only sure means of producing it. "Magnet" schools will draw middle-class, well-motivated blacks, but not poor blacks; integrated residential neighborhoods, which would permit integrated neighborhood schools, may be the ultimate solution, but they are somewhere in the future.

Busing is here today, and Louisville's cross-district plan can fairly be considered its severest test. That such a plan has been carried out, amid fading public protests and normal school activity, is cause for modest optimism about the future of American race relations and education. ◉

Classified

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STUDY SOVIET GOVERNMENT where it happens Kent State graduate/undergraduate specially-designed summer course "77" in the U.S.S.R. from June 20 to July 25. Up to nine hours of credit while visiting studying in 7 major Soviet Cities. Further information: Center for International and Comparative Programs, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio 44242, or call (216) 672-7980.

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EUROPE-U.S.A. (West-Alaska). Touring, Camping, French/Spanish study, Summer Ski/Tennis Camp, African Safari, Wilderness Trips. Unique, lively, flexible programs. 20th year. STUDENTS ABROAD/CONTINENTAL FRONTIERS, 1-S Sherman Square, N.Y.C. 10023. (212) 595-3044.

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LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

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WORLDWIDE LOW COST JET TRAVEL. Government approved. Guide lists thousands of money-saving flights. $3, NEW AGE, Box 1385-J, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

ROAM THE WORLD by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! Freighters, 163-09 ZI Depot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

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ENJOY BEING GUESTS of English families in gracious country homes. Brochure provides details to plan wide area tour. English Private Homes, Long Compton, Warwickshire, England.

THIS AD + $10.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, NYC 10036, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles-$16.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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ECONOMY TRAVELETTER—original, in-depth reviews each month about international destinations, transportation, deals, more. $20 yearly. Box 353R, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025.

TRAVEL

SAN FRANCISCO'S BEST BUY—Hotel Cecil—one block from Union Square. A warm welcome awaits you in a charming European atmosphere. Courtesy coffee—Sun deck—Family rates. Write for brochure: 545 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 673-3733.

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UNIVERSITY OF DENVER IN-RESIDENCE at Santa Fe Opera. August 7th-15th. Five operas, classes with directors and artists, credit available. Music Department, Denver 80208.

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WORKSHOPS

PERSONAL GROWTH-CULTURAL STUDIES WORKSHOP. Summer 1977. Costa Rica, Central America. Two weeks $1200.00. Inquiries to: P.O. Box 3906, Savannah, Ga. 31404.

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ATTENTION: RESTLESS CHRISTIANS (Lay-Cleric; Catholic-Protestant) who have kicked the habit (of weekly church-going). The Company at Kirkridge is an ecumenical experiment in staying authentically Christian as part of a dispersed congregation in the megalopolis. Annual Cathedral Event led by Eleanor Walker, the GRAIL, and Gordon Cosby, Church of the Savior, June 17-19. Inquire Kirkridge, Bangor, R.D. 1, Pa. 18013, (215) 588-1793.

VACATIONS

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

MAINE WINDJAMMER SAILING VACATION—Schooner Isaac H. Evans and Schooner Lewis R. French. $225. Weekly. Brochures. Captains Lee and Foss, Box 482R, Rockland, Maine 04841. Tel. (207) 594-8007.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine 04617.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES! Sail the Maine coast aboard a schooner! Food, fun, accommodations for six carefree days: $205.00-$225.00 complete! Box 617B, Camden, Maine 04843.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE coast. Week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food, exciting sailing. $225.00—no extras. Brochure: (207) 437-2851. Schooner Timberwind, Box 247 F, Rockport, Maine 04856.

GOOSE COVE LODGE off Deer Isle, Maine, in East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P.O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

VACATIONS

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE. Housekeeping and overnight cottages in towering pines. Fireplaces, waterskiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, snackbar. Write CHUTE HOMESTEAD, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Mass. 01966.

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CARIBEPLAYA'S remarkable environment, 18 efficiencies, hospitality, assures memorable vacationing, reasonably. Patillas, Puerto Rico 00723.

CAMDEN, MAINE. A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. A memorable vacation at an historic inn. Fine food, spirits. Tennis, sailing, lobster cruise to own island or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston. Whitehall Inn, Box SR, Camden, Maine 04843.

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. In the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina at 3600 feet. Spectacular scenery. Rustic decor. Good food. Private 18-hole golf course. 8 tennis courts. (Special golf/tennis package available). 3 lakes. Fishing. Boating. Swimming. Sailing. Private stables. Skeet & Trap field. Season May 1 to Nov. 1. Write or phone (704) 743-2411. High Hampton Inn, 166 Hampton Rd., Cashiers, N.C. 28717.

ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS, sparkling mountain lake, relaxed, small, great tennis, food, horses, family rates. Timberlock, Indian Lake, Box 2, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

UNSPOILED ANGUILLA (snorkeling, tennis). RENDEZVOUS BAY HOTEL (reasonable). Brochure. SR Box 1053.

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WANTALFEGO LODGE and CABINS—Maine family vacation on Webb Pond in scenic Penobscot-Acadia region. Good fishing, library, home cooked meals, informal atmosphere. RD 1R, Franklin, Maine 04634.

SAIL ON A MAINE WINDJAMMER—for an entire week. Good food, new friends, great memories. Brochure, call (207) 236-4449. Cap'n Jim Sharp. Schooner ADVENTURE. Cap'n Orvil Young, Schooner ROSEWAY, Box 696R, Camden, Maine 04843.

LINCOLN HOUSE COUNTRY INN—Elegant dining and lodging in a lovingly restored 18th century colonial on the Dennys River. Lincoln House, Dennysville, Maine 04628.

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VACATIONS

"PILGRIM'S INN. 1793"—A colonial inn of warmth and distinction! Brochure and rates upon request. Deer Isle, Maine 04627. (207) 348-6615.

ONCE IN YOUR LIFE YOU SHOULD COME TO CANEEL. Twice is up to us. Our seven sun-kissed beaches, great tennis, and super Boating, Honeymoon and Caneel/Little Dix Combination vacations are just some of the ways we lure you back. Not to mention (but we will) that great Rockresorts cuisine and personalized service. See your travel agent. Or call (212) 586-4459.

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APARTMENTS FOR RENT

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

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HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacation. Write: Vacation Exchange Club (R), 350 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10013.

EUROPE CANADA HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE, Ltd. We make ALL the arrangements. Brochure . . . $1.00. 6532-S Maple St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada VP6 5P2.

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SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home SR Box 635.

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

HOUSES FOR RENT

FRANCE. 3-bedroom house available October-May, modern facilities. Picturesque lakeside village just outside Geneva. Reasonable. (215) 968-3270.

TUSCANY—huge stone villa. 17 rooms, 3 baths, swimming pool. Fantastic views. 1500' altitude. 20 miles from Florence. August 10-September 10. $3000. STUDIO ART CENTER, VIA DE'GINORI 40, FLORENCE, ITALY.

MEXICO—SAN MIGUEL DE ALLENDE. Furnished 2-bedroom house, 2½ baths, fireplaces, patios. Servants, utilities included. October 15-April 15. $600 month. SR Box 2200.

NEW HAMPSHIRE COLONIAL HOME, 7 rooms, furnished, utilities, 70 acres of relaxed living, available all summer at $1000. Details: N. Ainsworth, Piper Hill, Box 40, Claremont, N.H. 03743.

SUMMER RENTALS

MAINE ISLAND, FISHING VILLAGE. Modern, one-bedroom apartment, harbor view. 1-207-367-5081.

PARIS—Enormous room in 9-room apartment. June-September. (215) 735-1163.

STORRS, CONNECTICUT. 3 acres, 40-foot pool, 3 double bedrooms, summer theater, concerts. 2½ hrs. N.Y.C. Available June 21-August 6. (203) 429-6717.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE—Oceanfront, spectacular view, all conveniences. $1200. July, August/$900 June, September. SR Box 2196.

HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGE, sleeps four, porch, view, weekly. Reasonable. Francis Hathorn, Woodstock, Vt. 05091.

WESTPORT POINT, MASSACHUSETTS—Large house, secluded hilltop. 10 bedrooms, path to bay. July $1100. George Utter, 54 Elm, Westerly, R.I. 02891.

NEW YORK CITY, East 70's, 4 cooled rooms, antiques. SR Box 2199.

HOUSES FOR SALE

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing Office, 3880 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

MARBELLA. SOUTHERN SPAIN. Charming, pueblo, one-bedroom, completely furnished. Fireplace, patio. Community pool. Tennis. Five minutes walk to Mediterranean beach. Bus service. $21,000. SR 2191.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

BERMUDA—Purchase or rental of Bermuda homes write Colin Anderson, Kitson & Co., P.O. Box 449, Bermuda. Phone 5-2525.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

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CAPE COD, WELLFLEET. Breathtaking waterview. Two fully-furnished cottages. $62,500 inclusive. (617) 731-8666.

BIG . . . NEW . . . FREE . . . SUMMER 1977 CATALOGUE! Over 2,600 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

SOUTHERN OREGON COAST: Elegant view house. 4 bedrooms, 3½ baths, 4 fireplaces. Numerous carefully considered details. Older guesthouse, caretaker's mobile home. Buyer must grant conservation easement. Surrounding old forests, bluffs, intertidal coast to be nature preserve. Acreage, ocean frontage negotiable. (503) 482-4175.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EXPERIENCED TEACHERS: co-educational boarding school fostering individuality and self-creation seeks additional faculty: full-time art teacher (drawing, print-making, ceramics, weaving), humanities teacher (U.S. history), science teacher (chemistry, physics, mathematics). Also seeking replacement for drama/dance teacher. Outdoor skills (rock-climbing, canoeing) a plus. Contact Assistant Headmaster, Woodstock Country School, South Woodstock, Vt. 05071; telephone (802) 457-2670.

TEACHERS — ADMINISTRATORS. Current school, college openings (about 200) list in U.S. $5.95; abroad $5.95; principal, headmaster openings $4.95; library openings $4.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95; foreign $4.95. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

MOTHER'S HELPER—teacher/student/mature woman. One child. Part-time. Opportunity for study, recreation. Live in. June or mid-August '77 through June '78. Board, room, salary. Boston Area. SR Box 718.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J. Boston, Mass. 02103.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!! 50,000 jobs! Transportation! Latest information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 8489-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 5529W, Washington, DC 20016.

YOU AND CIVIL SERVICE JOBS. CATALOGUE $1.00. INSCO, Box 8-SR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

U.S. FIRMS OVERSEAS—Complete information on hundreds of worldwide companies. Outstanding opportunities and advantages. Send $6.97. Globalemploy (LNDA), 704 Mira Vista, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

TEACHER INFORMATION EXCHANGE publishes monthly 70-100 pages of current school/university vacancies. $6/month, $16/4 months, $30/8 months. Box 306-E, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, all occupations, high pay, transportation, tax benefits, computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$10,000-$50,000+. Free Information! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

SITUATIONS WANTED

YOUNG WOMAN WITH ADMINISTRATIVE EXPERIENCE seeks US/Bermuda/Caribbean office position. SR Box 2187.

ADVENTURESOME LADY, 25, excellent references, currently teaching in D.C. area, seeks new career. Enjoys challenges, people contact, travel and writing. SR Box 2201.

COMPUTER ERROR? No! Mobile student, mythology major, needing summer job. Writer, Scottish dancer. Jo Michener, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barnett, Dept. C-310-D, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660.

HOW TO START Your Own Community Newspaper—big new 136-page manual by award-winning publisher provides full details on entering this fascinating and profitable field, even with limited capital. Only $9.95. Ten-day money-back guarantee. Meadow Press, P.O. Box 35-S, Port Jefferson, N.Y. 11777.

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JEEPS $59.30!—CARS—$33.50!—200,000 ITEMS! —GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services Department P-9, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109. (433 California).

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 82* (see page 39): The man who has learned to reflect has laid by something nice for a wet day. —Billings

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 C	2 T	3 B	4 F	5 E		6 N	7 H	8 O	9 P	10 M	11 G		12 G	13 C	14 R	15 A
	16 T	17 I	18 E		19 K	20 T	21 D		22 P	23 T	24 L	25 H	26 N	27 C	28 G	
29 B	30 F	31 T	32 E	33 A	34 Q		35 G	36 W		37 E	38 K	39 U	40 C	41 F	42 I	43 B
	44 S		45 G	46 B	47 H	48 V		49 R	50 A		51 G	52 C	53 N		54 V	55 H
	56 V	57 E	58 F		59 T	60 F	61 E	62 Q	63 M	64 G	65 W	66 P	67 U	68 K	69 H	70 N
71 A	72 B		73 J	74 L	75 R	76 C		77 W	78 I		79 O	80 V	81 A	82 B	83 C	84 K
85 M		86 Q	87 B	88 G	89 V	90 L		91 U		92 V	93 P	94 H		95 V	96 U	97 C
98 O	99 Q	100 R	101 B	102 D	103 M		104 J	105 R		106 A	107 Q	108 U		109 L	110 I	111 P
112 Q	113 E	114 M	115 O	116 F	117 J		118 M	119 N	120 W	121 B	122 S	123 H	124 O	125 T	126 V	
127 J	128 O		129 G	130 I	131 U	132 W		133 A	134 T	135 N	136 D		137 L	138 M		139 F
140 B	141 P	142 W	143 V	144 Q	145 E		146 S	147 O	148 H	149 J	150 C	151 K		152 P	153 O	154 I
155 V	156 E	157 N	158 R	159 K	160 Q		161 J	162 S		163 C	164 U		165 B	166 S	167 J	
168 H	169 K	170 A	171 C	172 E	173 G	174 L	175 S		176 A	177 S	178 N	179 I	180 R	181 F	182 B	183 D

Number 122

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Turncoats	15 33 50 71 81 106 133 170 176
B. Storage places	182 3 29 46 72 101 121 165 87 140 43 82
C. African cyperaceous herb having a tuberous, edible root (2 wds.)	83 150 171 1 27 40 97 163 13 52 76
D. Am. caricaturist (1840–1902)	102 136 183 21
E. Hairsplitters' relatives	61 113 145 156 172 37 32 57 5 18
F. Failing to succeed	30 41 60 58 116 4 139 181
G. Weakly sentimental; indecisive (comp.)	11 35 64 173 28 45 51 129 12 88
H. "Scuttling across _____ of silent seas" (2 wds.; Eliot, "Love Song of J. Alfred *Prufrock*")	123 168 47 55 148 7 25 69 94
I. Largest city in the Maritime Provinces	154 179 42 130 78 17 110
J. Omission of a vowel, consonant, or syllable in pronunciation	117 149 161 73 104 127 167
K. Birthplace of Robert Burns	38 84 159 169 19 68 151
L. Laminae	174 74 90 109 24 137
M. Escapes punishment (2 wds.)	103 63 138 114 10 85 118
N. 1945 Rossellini film (2 wds.)	119 157 178 135 6 70 26 53
O. Scandinavian place of punishment for the dead	153 115 128 98 79 124 147 8
P. Former	111 152 66 141 22 93 9
Q. Not creditable	112 144 86 99 34 62 107 160
R. Very quickly (3 wds.)	158 14 49 100 75 105 180
S. Reporter, for instance	177 175 166 122 146 44 162
T. Catgut	16 2 20 125 59 23 31 134
U. Impure opal containing iron, alumina, etc.	91 131 96 39 164 67 108
V. 1904 Jack London novel (2 wds., second comp.)	48 56 80 126 143 155 92 54 89 95
W. WORD S's goals	36 142 77 120 65 132

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 121* appears on page 38.

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High Tar No Longer Essential To Taste.

Tests prove low tar MERIT delivers flavor of higher tar cigarettes.

For years, it seemed the only way to get *real* taste from a cigarette was to smoke a high tar brand.

High tar cigarettes had an "exclusive" on taste.

Today, all the standards are changing because of a new taste breakthrough called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

MERIT is packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. *Tobacco fortified with certain key flavor-rich ingredients isolated in cigarette smoke and proven to deliver flavor way out of proportion to tar.*

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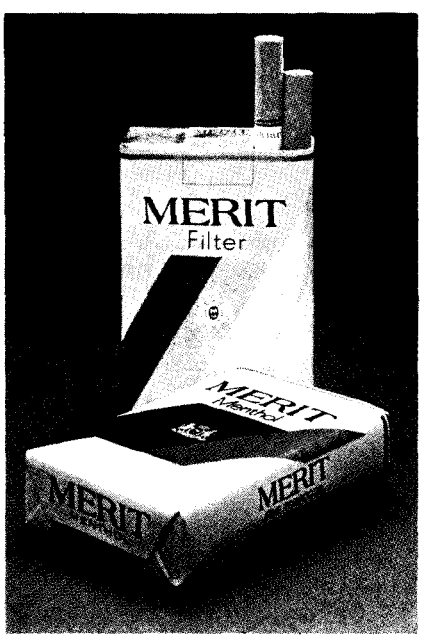

LOW TAR–'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

Test Data Conclusive

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes. Thousands of smokers were involved.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. A real challenge to high tar cigarettes.

And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

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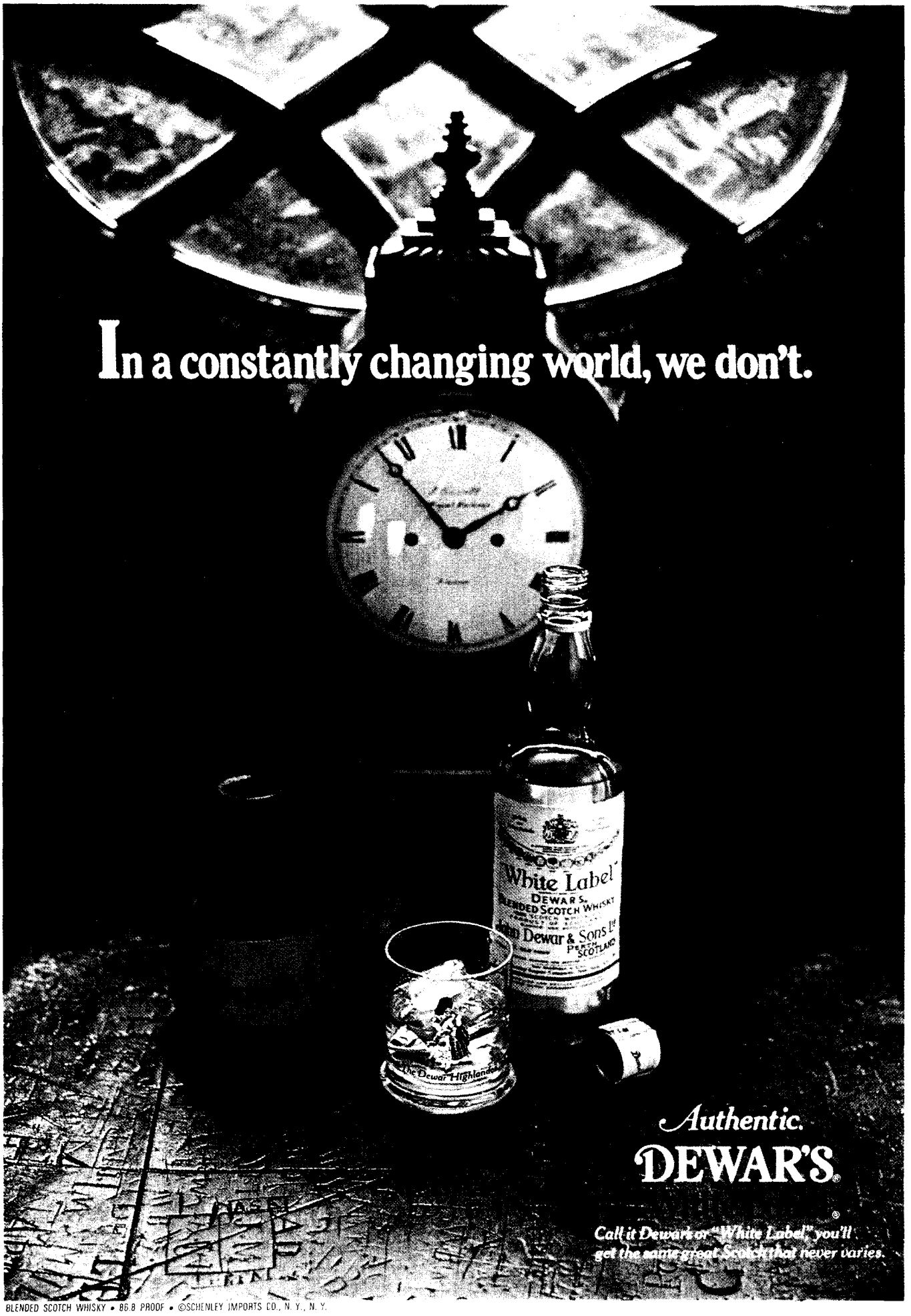
In a constantly changing world, we don't.
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH SCOTLAND
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Authentic.
DEWAR'S
Call it Dewar's or "White Label," you'll get the same great Scotch that never varies.

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